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By the men . . for the men in the service

THEY GOT 5 ZEROS IN CHINA

Five-Day Attack on the Japs at Hastings Ridge

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This sketch shows the carrier's flight deck on the morning of the first blow against Wake Island. The deck crew is shown pushing a TBF (Grumman torpedo bomber) into position for launching. The wind from the swift speed of the carrier and the plane's propellers makes the men at the right lean forward to keep from blowing over. Notice man behind the plane, directing his "Airedales" with the feeling of a symphony conductor.

Navy air crews rest in the pilots' ready room for their turn to raid Wake Island. In the background, two flyers look at a map of the island while the enlisted gunner in the left foreground relaxes with a cigarette. Some play acey-deucey in the ready room, and you see a lot of six-shooters, cowboy boots and fancy hunting knives here. The squadron group picture is being signed at the right. "Heil, I'll sign when I get back," one pilot said.

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Wake Island Raid

A YANK staff artist with the Pacific Fleet sketches scenes on an aircraft carrier during one of the most destructive single attacks ever delivered to the Japs.

SGT. Robert Greenhalgh, YANK staff artist, was aboard an aircraft carrier in the powerful Pacific Fleet task force, commanded by Rear Adm. Alfred E. Montgomery, that last month attacked the strong Jap air base at Wake Island, 2,300 miles west of Hawaii. He drew these sketches on the carrier before and during the action.

"When the first striking planes came back to the carrier," he wrote, "you could see holes in some of the wings and cowlings. But when the last strike returned, there were no bullet holes, no torn fabric and the pilots climbed out unhurt. They said they didn't see a living soul on the island when they flew away for the last time. Our cruisers laid off shore over there and shelled the Jap positions without ceasing until the guns on Wake were silent."

At least 30 Jap planes were shot out of the air during this raid and 31 more were destroyed on the ground. Only 13 Navy planes were lost during the two-day attack. Some 320 tons of bombs were dropped on the three islands in the Wake atoll. This is believed to be the largest tonnage of bombs ever dropped in any single operation anywhere in the Pacific Theater during this war.

The largest task force ever assembled in the Pacific forms the background for this scene in the evening. The two chiefs at the left are getting a little air after chow while the talker in the center reports a plane formation to the bridge. "The Sunday afternoon before the raid," Sgt. Greenhalgh wrote, "the pilots had a game of touch football on the flight deck. And during the raid I was busy eating steak and ham sandwiches."

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Wake Island Raid

The carrier radioman enjoys a Tokyo broadcast during the raid, listening to the announcer describe the Pacific Fleet's "destruction" and a "famine" back in Texas and Iowa which would be "worse" next year.

THE radioman on the aircraft carrier is shown above as Sgt. Greenhalgh sketched him listening to the Tokyo radio news on the night of the Wake Island raid. The Jap announcer was saying: "Japanese bombers have repulsed a raid of American Army and Navy forces on Wake Island. Half the American Fleet is sunk."

Then the announcer added: "There is a famine in Texas and Iowa. Next year it will be worse."

But according to the flyers who participated in the Wake Island raid, the famine prophesied for Texas next year by the Japanese announcer was nothing compared to the destruction that the Pacific Fleet left behind when it steamed away after the first surface attack on the enemy base since Adm. William F. Halsey Jr.'s task force paid it a visit on Feb. 24, 1942.

"Those cruisers were plowing hell out of that island and it made you feel like getting up on your feet and dancing," a gunner said. "We could see an oil dump going up and my pilot said, 'They're getting a hot foot now.'"

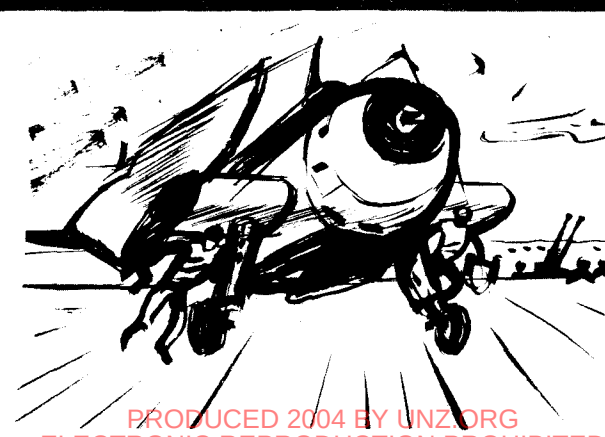
A TBF pilot told how he saw our cruisers running back and forth, firing right on the target almost every time. "It sure was a nice picture," he added. "The most vivid picture left in my mind during the raid, though, was that of a fighter who came down in a steep dive right on a five-inch gun they had down there. It didn't fire any more. I don't know who the pilot was. Might have been almost anybody, I guess."

"Coming down on Wake, we leveled off, dropping a few bombs, and all I can remember is tracers coming up," a radioman said. "Everything we could see down there was mixed up and blown to hell. One pilot flew over the island a little later and not a gun was fired at him. So you can imagine the damage we must have done to them. He said it was like a Jap burial ground."

The pilots seemed to enjoy the raid more than anybody else on the carrier. They didn't take themselves seriously. It was often difficult to get them to describe their combat experience.

"Well, I didn't do much," one of them said. "There was one Zero below me and another Zero and one of our own planes in a dogfight above me. Well, by the time I got over to the dogfight, there was my Zero just sitting there right in front of me. I don't think he saw me. The poor bastard didn't have a chance. That was all there was to it, I guess."

This is the hangar deck of the carrier, nicknamed *Java's Garage*, sketched from a catwalk below the flight deck. Mechancis work on the planes here under the direction of veteran chiefs, like the one on the right, getting news of the battle from periodic reports over the loud speaker system. During the raid on Wake, the boys in the hangar deck kept a scoreboard, cheering whenever the loudspeaker announced a destroyed Jap plane.



Hardest workers on an aircraft carrier during a raid like the Wake attack are the "Airedales"—sailors who push planes into position on the flight deck, *moving them forward and backward during landings* and launching without a break when the going is hot. "They trot alongside their planes like grooms beside the horses at a race track," Sgt. Greenhalgh wrote. "In fact, they wear bright vermillion, green and yellow shirts, too, which makes carrier action seem something like a day at Belmont or Saratoga."

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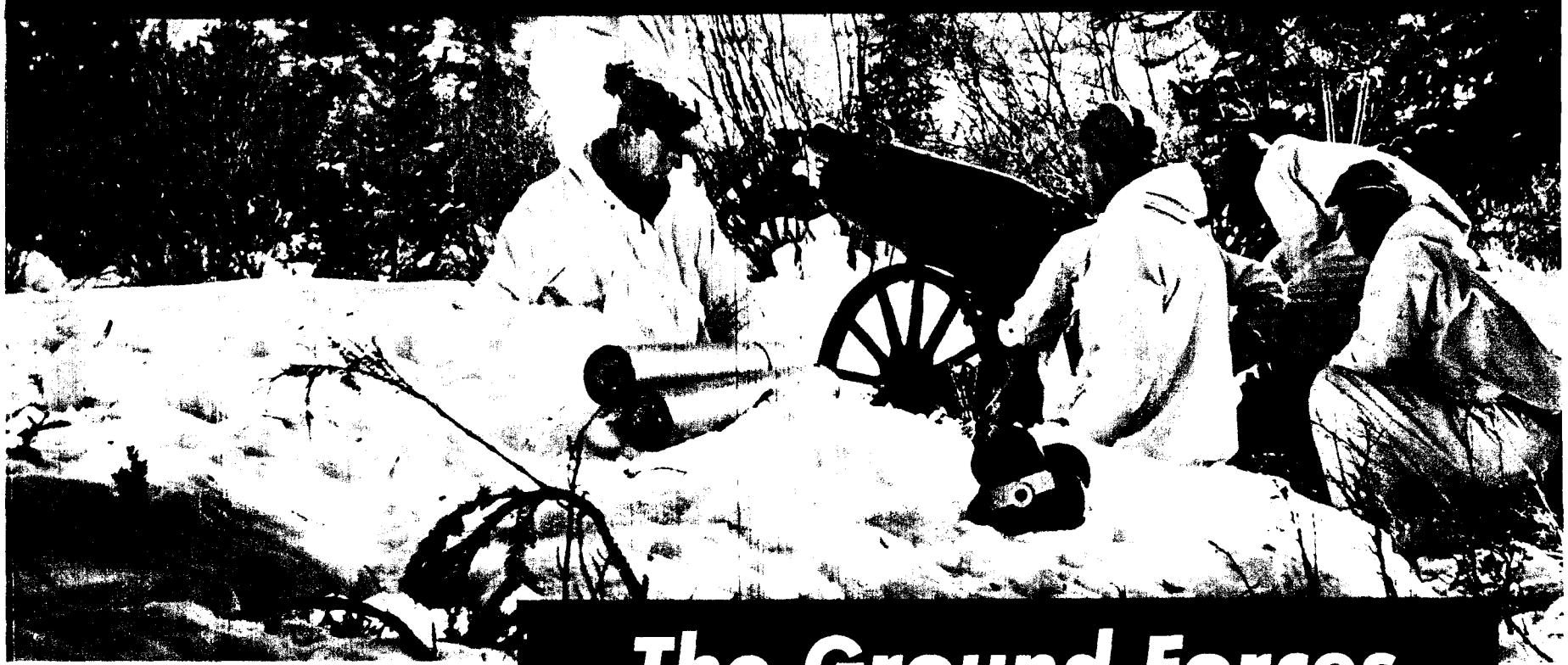

LIKE THIS 75-MM HOWITZER, ALL EQUIPMENT IN THE NEW LIGHT DIVISIONS MUST BE CAPABLE OF BEING BROKEN DOWN AND CARRIED BY HAND CARTS OR PACK ANIMALS.

The Ground Forces Get Streamlined

The Army drops regimental organization from its Armored Force and activates a new type of light infantry division.

By Cpl. RICHARD PAUL
YANK'S Washington Bureau

THE new infantry division has 8 percent fewer men and 14 percent fewer vehicles than formerly.

The latest T/O for armored divisions eliminates any regimental organization.

A new type of light infantry division has been activated, designed for amphibious, airborne, mountain and jungle operations.

These were three of the revelations of War Department Circular No. 256, dated Oct. 16. Some observers jumped to the wrong conclusions and read into the circular a fundamental shake-up in the Army Ground Forces.

Actually, for anyone connected with staff work, the circular was neither world-shaking nor new. It was simply a summary of changes which have been taking place for several months—continuous changes dictated by the policy of learning from battle experience. AGF officers speak of it as a healthy polishing procedure.

It is a healthy process because it shows that the AGF is not static. Unlike the Roman conquerors, who stuck by the phalanx until it had outlived its usefulness and who went down to defeat still using it, the AGF recognizes that war is continually changing and that with war, organization must change, too.

The staff officers who draw up the tables of organization base their changes on information from four chief sources: 1) The battle reports of commanders in the field, telling how in such and such a campaign they needed more of one weapon, less of another. 2) Findings of official observers who accompany each army. Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair, chief of the AGF, was wounded while on such an observation trip to Tunisia in the heat of the North African campaign. 3) Constant study of both our allies' and our enemies' armies to determine their strength and weaknesses. 4) Current shipping problems.

While the staff officers are working out changes, they constantly keep certain basic military theorems in mind. Purposes of reorganization, says the WD circular, are: "To permit transport overseas of a maximum of fighting power; to provide flexibility in keeping with the principles of economy of force and massing of military strength at the decisive point; to reduce headquarters and other overhead [to] keep pace with modern communication and transport facilities; to provide commanders with the greatest possible amount of offensive power through reduction in passive defensive elements."

The new light division is a good example of the application of these principles. Though some of these light divisions were activated early in the summer, this is the first time censorship has been lifted on the subject.

The development of the light division was principally the result of operations in the South Pacific area. Jungle terrain, with its transportation difficulties and the impossibility of extensive use of heavy artillery, made trim forces with high individual fire power essential. At the same time it was observed that the Germans have had some success with their own kind of light division.

Each of the new super-streamlined divisions is being trained for one of four operations: airborne, amphibious, mountain and jungle fighting, and the equipment of each varies with the type of fighting expected. But one rule applying to all is that every item of equipment must be capable of being broken down and carried by hand carts, pack animals and quarter-ton trucks.

That doesn't mean the light division doesn't pack a wallop. Fire power in small arms and automatic weapons is approximately the same as that of a regular infantry division, even though the number of men has been reduced. The high fire power is due to the large number of automatic weapons and the fact that the division is stripped of most of its service elements and defensive weapons.

Though the activation of the first light divisions began several months ago, the reorganization of armored divisions was started only a few weeks ago. The chief organizational change does away with the one infantry and two tank regiments and substitutes the more flexible combination of three tank and three armored-infantry battalions of increased size and power. For each armored division, two combat command headquarters have been retained, under which a varying number of these battalions will be grouped according to their task.

"The new organization of the armored division," according to the circular, "is in accordance with the principle that armored and infantry divisions will operate together in a corps." This is a lesson from early British, German and Italian battle experience in the African deserts. In the new division the proportion of infantry and artillery strength is greatly increased. But at the same the total strength of the division is trimmed down from 13 thousand men to about 10 thousand. This is done partly by increasing the tank strength but even more by eliminating service elements. The organic supply battalion is completely eliminated from the division; the individual battalions are made self-sustaining and any additional supply facilities are provided by the army to which the division is attached.

Infantry divisions have undergone change and development, too. Three months ago the motorized division disappeared as a separate type of organization. Now all infantry divisions are the same, and can be transported by a troop-transport battalion consisting of six truck companies.

The trimming of the infantry division took place last July, when the total strength was reduced 8 percent and the number of motor vehicles was cut 14 percent. On the other hand, its fire power has actually been increased. There is no basic change in organization, but it has been tightened all along the line. The trimming was accomplished largely by consolidating jobs in cases where battle has shown that one man could do the work formerly assigned to two or four men could do the work of five.

AN important trend for divisions in the pooling of defensive means, such as antiaircraft artillery or tank destroyers. Each division might feel more comfortable with enough defensive weapons organically assigned to it to meet any situation, but the AGF considers that uneconomical. Actually it would result in spreading defensive means so thin that it would seriously weaken the whole Army. Furthermore, the division is primarily an offensive unit. Therefore the revised divisions are provided organically with only a limited number of defensive weapons. Then a large pool of antiaircraft artillery and tank-destroyer units is provided under control of the army's headquarters.

In this way defensive weapons of an army can be used to protect those spots that are particularly threatened or especially vital. For example, the circular points out that though an infantry division has some antitank guns, a pool of tank-destroyer units is held in reserve to meet a massed tank attack. Similarly the infantry division gets its antiaircraft protection from caliber .50 machine guns while 40-mm and 90-mm guns are pooled to protect large installations.

Another trend that extends to the highest echelons is to relieve commanders of combat units of as much administrative detail as possible. To that end the field army now undertakes the main tactical and administrative functions. Thus the corps assigned to it is relieved of administrative jobs and permitted to concentrate on tactical and training functions. The one exception to this practice is the corps that operates separately as a small army. As many service and supply functions as possible are also taken over by the army, allowing smaller units to concentrate on aggressive and offensive operations.

AGF officers point out that none of this reorganization involves any radical change in principles. For instance, pooling—nothing new in itself—is simply being done on a larger scale in line with the principles of flexibility and massing. It's a very different sort of change than the basic transition from square to triangular divisions which took place in 1940 and 1941.

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The Five-Day Attack on Hastings Ridge

Here is an exciting story of desperately close fighting between two- and three-man American and Japanese combat teams on a jungle battlefield in the South Pacific not much larger than a football gridiron.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH U. S. OCCUPATIONAL FORCES ON NEW GEORGIA—Hastings Ridge is just a little place, a sort of quiver in the convulsions of New Georgia's terrain.

If the rough coral slopes were leveled and the steel-scarred trees were cleared away, there might be room for a football field, certainly nothing larger.

Yet the Ridge was literally crawling with Japs—one machine-gun company and one rifle company at least. For five days the Infantry attacked it and when they gained a foothold, they fought all day and all night and then the next day to hold it.

In the jungle, war is always a personal sort of thing, one man against another. On Hastings Ridge it reached a point where individual action and individual courage were knitted together in two- and three-man units of assault, pitted against similar little units of Japs crouched in pillboxes. And the best fighters won because they cooperated with each other best.

On the first day S/Sgt. Clarence Terry of Arco, Idaho, worked his platoon up the Ridge. Two of his sergeants were ahead of him, almost on top of a Jap pillbox, working together as a team. They were using grenades and rifles, and when Sgt. Robert Chambers of Bend, Oreg., ran out of grenades, he called for his buddy to throw him more. The other sergeant tossed them forward and as he did a Jap rifleman in the pillbox shot him through the chest. The sergeant was on his feet, and when the bullet bit into him he wheeled to face the Jap and yelled like a man fouled in a fist fight: "Why, you dirty little bastard!" He raised his rifle, started forward and fell dead.

Chambers, a few feet away, went blind mad. He hurled two grenades into the Jap position as though he were stoning a snake, then leaped into the pillbox with his trench knife. When he came out, he crouched over his teammate but there was no heartbeat; he had done all he could.

Terry, in the meantime, was kept busy by a machine-gun pillbox that had pinned him down behind a tree. As he fired with a tommy gun he saw Chambers start down toward him and yelled a warning. Chambers hit the ground—a shallow fold in the coral—as the Jap gun swung toward him. Terry breathed easier. Then, seconds later, Pfc. Bob Russell, also of Bend, followed Chambers. Terry yelled again and Bob hit the fold.

With two men almost in the open before them, the Japs abandoned Terry. The cover was too slight to offer real protection and Terry saw Jap .31-caliber bullets rip into the ground and come lower and lower across the two backs until they actually were brushing the clothes of the men as they tried desperately to dig deeper.

Terry saw that the men were directly in front of a low brush pile and that just behind it was an empty foxhole. He yelled to them to edge backward and try to get to the hole. Chambers tried it but the brush stopped him. Jap bullets sprayed around his feet and he could only lie and hope with Russell.

As soon as Terry saw it was impossible for the men to slide backward, he found another solution. He called instructions to them, telling exactly how far they could move their legs and explaining his plan.

Then Terry leaped from behind the tree and let go a burst of .45 slugs at the pillbox. The Japs swung their gun toward him, and in the instant that the fire shifted, Chambers sprang backward across the brush pile and into the foxhole behind it. The Japs swung back on Russell, but half the plan had succeeded.

In a few minutes Terry leaped out again and fired, and Russell performed the back flip to safety. The platoon's teamwork was still clicking.

However, the initial American assault on Hastings Ridge had been stopped. The Infantry pulled back to gather itself for another try.

On the second day the Yanks sought to feel out the hill and spot each individual hole from which the Japs poured fire. In the dense undergrowth it was impossible to locate the Japs unless you got up within a few feet of them. A lieutenant and a sergeant pushing forward were nailed by a pillbox and probably never knew what hit them, or from where.

A scout named Herbert Hanson of Lincoln, Ark., stepped out from behind a tree and as he did a grenade exploded in his face. He dropped his rifle and without a word started back to the rear. The fragments had marked his face but had done nothing more.

Flame throwers were brought up in an effort to heat the Japs out of the ground, but without success; the flames couldn't get close enough.

So the Infantry butted and rammed and then retired.

FOR the next two days the Japs sat on Hastings Ridge and the Infantry sat on a hill opposite, not more than 100 yards away, and the two shot across at each other. Mortars and machine guns blasted into the Ridge until the trees broke out in thousands of brown spots and the limbs crashed down or teetered dangerously and became a menace themselves.

Then on the fifth day the stymied Infantry sent out patrols. The static war on the two hillsides, and in the draw between them, exploded with a suddenness that caught the Japs with their guard down. The attack on Hastings Ridge began to move.

The patrols were combat-reconnaissance. On such patrols, as the Infantry says, "you either do it or you don't," which means you strike if you think you can win, and if you don't think so, you report back with information and let it go at that.

Patrols went to right and left of the Ridge, and one patrol went straight up the hill. This patrol of 10 men, including a lieutenant known as the Mad Russian, was the one that cracked the thing wide open. Ten men alone didn't take the Ridge, but they gained the crest of it and held until the rest could get up there, take over and go on with them.

The Mad Russian was the patrol leader. Called Tym by his men, his full name is Walter Tymniak, and he is a graduate of the College of the City of New York, where he captained the water polo team. In the summer he was a lifeguard and after college he became an accountant in Manhattan, working nights.

Tym's right hand was a staff sergeant named LeRoy Norton, an ex-lumberjack from Bend, Oreg., who was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for heroism on Guadalcanal. His left hand was Pfc. John Cashman of Brooklyn, who used to be a press foreman on the New York *Herald Tribune*.

The patrol moved up the face of the slope in the early morning. Tym and Nort and Cash were together, and the rest went up as skirmishers, three on the right and four on the left. Their strongest weapon was the element of surprise and they guarded it well while they could.

They hit and destroyed three pillboxes before the Japs knew what it was all about. Altogether they knocked out nine pillboxes in six minutes, and Hastings Ridge was theirs.

Norton hit a machine-gun emplacement in which there were three Japs goggle-eyed and half asleep. He shot one of the three inside the foxhole and a fourth who came stumbling up the hillside from the rear, then swung back and killed the remaining two at the gun before they could collect themselves to fire a round.

Pfc. Joe Shupe of Ogden, Utah, coming over from the left, joined him and together they moved on to the right to a .31-caliber machine-

S/Sgt. LeRoy Norton, the ex-lumberjack from Bend, Oreg., who wiped out three Japanese in a machine-gun emplacement.

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When the bullet bit into him he yelled like a man fouled in a fist fight

S/Sgt. Clarence Terry, platoon leader from Arco, Idaho, cleans his nails with a trench knife after the battle at Hastings Ridge.

gun emplacement. Nort yelled to Tym that Japs were manning the gun, then with two bullets he put it out of action. Someone tossed him grenades and he threw them into the face of three Japs who were on the gun. Then he and Shupe moved on.

In the meantime Tym had grenaded out one position; to his right Pfc. Jose Cervantez of Solomonsville, Ariz., had shot out another with a BAR; to his right and in front of him the team of Pvt. Anton Dolecheck of Dickinson, N. Dak., and Ervin A. Bonow of Altura, Minn., had cleaned up two more. Tym, crouched near the mouth of a blasted-out pillbox, heard a rustling in the hole and looked in to see a Jap scampering for the opposite exit. The Mad Russian flipped in a grenade, almost indifferently, and then moved on to direct the fight.

Cashman had borrowed a clip of ammunition for his BAR from Shupe and as he saw a Jap raise his head, he fired a burst. The Jap was killed, but a ruptured cartridge jammed the gun. Cash burned his fingers pulling it out, then went on into the fight. As he and Tym worked together, they sent in a volley of grenades. Seconds later the Japs countered with a grenade barrage of their own. When the explosions ceased, Cash stuck his head around a tree and grinned at Tym: "We musta peeved 'em off."

All this happened in six minutes, and the patrol of 10 had not been hurt. The crest of the hill itself was neutralized, but now came the problem of holding it. Cash went back to bring up the battalion commander, Lt. Col. David H. Buchanan of Bluefield, W. Va. Other fights raged on either side of Hastings Ridge, and "Col. Buch" got the lay of the land and went back to coordinate the action.

More men had to be brought up quickly, but the others in the company were on patrol to the right and left flanks, in the draws that led around Hastings Ridge, and they were having troubles of their own. So Cash went back to the company bivouac to find anybody who could handle a gun.

He came back with cooks and the permanent KPs, a machine-gun section from the weapons company, 1st Sgt. Armond Pearson of Spokane, Wash., and S/Sgt. Arthur Toothman of Kirkland, Wash., the mess sergeant. These men were committed to the line.

By this time pillboxes over the crest of the Ridge were causing trouble. Nort formed a patrol to wipe them out, with Cash and Shupe in it. The patrol worked to a point within a few yards of the Jap guns. Then Shupe and another man were hit almost simultaneously. Cash got Shupe out and back to the aid station. The patrol withdrew, taking its other wounded with it, and the situation on Hastings Ridge settled down to a period of consolidating, digging in and blasting with the mortars.

During this action Terry was with the patrol on the right, stabbing at the flank of the Ridge. In the denseness of the jungle it was almost impossible for them to accomplish even a reconnaissance mission without moving blindly into the path of enemy fire. The Japs had the Ridge defended in concentric circles, roughly three deep stretching around the entire perimeter, and they could and did fire from anywhere.

Terry decided that burning the brush would help. Since flame throwers had been unsuccessful three days before, he sought another method.

He left the patrol, went back to the medics and gathered all the empty plasma bottles he could find. From Transportation he got gasoline to fill them. Then he took caps and fuses from hand grenades and fitted them into the tops of the bottles. Now he had Molotoff cocktails, made from the materials at hand.

There was one particular Jap in a pillbox who had caused too much trouble. The men called him "Button" because of his unusual accuracy with a rifle. Terry decided to work on Button. With S/Sgt. Eugene Pray of Moab, Utah, he moved up to a position behind a two-foot-thick banyan tree about 25 yards from the pillbox.

Feeling safe behind the tree, he and Pray, who was spotting for mortar fire, stood up and huddled close to each other. Button almost surprised them to death, literally, by firing a .25-caliber bullet through the tree, putting it between them and filling their necks with harmless splinters of wood and lead. Terry and Pray crouched down. Button's next shot, also through the tree, skinned across Pray's leg.

Ervin Bonow's helmet after Jap grenade hit it. Bonow was lying in a hole, the helmet between his legs, when the grenade landed. His calf muscles were almost completely torn away.

If Button hadn't been expert enough to hit the soft-wood banyan dead center, Terry figures he might have added two more men to his score for the day.

Thoroughly aroused, Terry brought his cocktails into action. Stepping from behind the tree he hurled first one and then a second gasoline-filled plasma bottle at the foxhole, then swore powerfully when both of them hit trees in front of their target.

He went back, got two more bottles and approached from another angle. Same thing—trees in the way. Button remained untouched but around him on two sides his precious camouflage blazed and melted away. Eventually that was his undoing.

Cashman, after rescuing Shupe from underneath the Jap machine guns, spent the rest of the day carting up ammunition to the men on the line. He helped bring up chow to the line, then sometime around dusk—he doesn't know exactly when—he collapsed from exhaustion. He woke up at the aid station and the medics evacuated him to a hospital.

Arriving there, Cash talked for a few minutes with some of the wounded men from the outfit, who wanted to know how things were going. Then he pulled the casualty tag off his jacket, hitched a ride on a passing jeep and went back to the fight.

During the night the Japs, perhaps 15 of them, tried infiltration.

The American outfit, wise in jungle combat, makes a habit of remaining silent and stationary at night; then, if anything moves or makes a noise, it must be the enemy. This is a measure taken in self defense, but apparently one man forgot it.

Lying in his foxhole, he looked up to see a dark figure approaching, walking straight upright. The infantryman, curious, demanded: "Who the hell are you?" The figure moved boldly up to him, dropped a grenade and moved on.

But in other foxholes on Hastings Ridge the

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Lt. Walter Tymniak of New York City, the patrol leader called the Mad Russian, sits atop pillbox in which he grenaded a Jap.

Pfc. John Cashman of Brooklyn, N. Y., rests on the roots of tree which he used as cover during first stages of the attack.

men remembered the policy and adhered to it: absolute silence and immobility.

Sgt. George Ray of Walla Walla, Wash., occupied a hole with Bonow and Dolecheck. Three Japs moved toward them. When the first Jap reached the hole Ray quietly spitted him on a bayonet. The second went down under a hand grenade. The third came on. Ray picked up his helmet and hurled it into the Jap's face. For a while no more Japs appeared. Then a grenade landed in the hole. Bonow was lying with his helmet between his legs and the grenade hit in the helmet, tearing his calf muscles almost completely away. Bonow kept silent. Dolecheck, next to him, knew he was hit but it was not until two hours later that Ray was aware of it. Bonow made no sound until he was evacuated next morning. Even a whispered word might have meant the death of all three.

In another foxhole a mortar shell tore off a man's arm below the elbow. His buddies were all around him, silent in the dark. Next morning they found he had bled to death, in silence.

The Japs were firing their knee mortars on a flat trajectory by placing the curved bases against the trunks of trees. One mortar shell hit a tree, took a freak hop and landed in the company CP. Art Toothman, the mess sergeant, was mortally wounded. Pearson, his closest friend, was badly wounded beside him. The company commander, 1st Lt. Charles J. Hastings of Walla Walla, for whom the Ridge was named, was hit.

Two men with them were unhurt. One was Pfc. Earl Addington of Maupin, Oreg. They say of Addington that he has a one-track mind—communications—and it must be true, because his first act when the shell hit was to check the phone. The wire was dead. He crawled from the foxhole, traced the wire to the break, repaired it, returned and reported the line in.

All night long the outfit remained silent and stable, picking off the Japs as they crept forward. The Japs were trying to confuse the Americans and to break up their defense by provoking them into revealing their positions. Next morning one man found that he and a Jap had spent the night in adjoining foxholes, so close together that either could have raised his head and spit in the other's face.

And next morning the positions on Hastings Ridge were still intact. From there the American attack moved forward until eventually all of New Georgia was cleared of Japs.

Recipe for a Civil War in Iran: Mix One Warm Pfc. With One Chill Sergeant

By Cpl. JIMMY O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOUTHERN IRAN — The Railway Engineers haven't much use for their guns in this country. Except for occasional cleaning jobs, their M1s have been almost purely ornamental ever since the boys landed. But the other night the Headquarters gang brought out the pieces with blood in their eyes. They almost went to war, and all over a lowly pfc.

The Irani Railroad here is a single-track affair, with more sidings than a master sergeant has hash marks. In the two-by-four depots at each siding you'll find a GI dispatcher surrounded by two or three native trackmen, a Lana Turner pin-up, gobs of desert, a week's supply of Spam and a telephone. These joints are as lonely as a USO library on pay night.

The dispatchers take two-month hitches at these outposts. After their hitch they usually come out talking to themselves. There isn't much to do except to try to keep cool in the daytime and to talk to the chief dispatcher over the telephone at night. Into the chief dispatcher's beaten ear the lonely dogfaces pour all their gripes, hopes and rumors.

Now this sort of thing can be fairly interesting if you happen to be the chaplain type, but it became pretty monotonous for Sgt. Wilbur A. Taft, chief night dispatcher for the 711 Engineers. He decided to put a stop to it. Every time he picked up the phone at headquarters and a guy began talking anything but railroad, Wilbur cut him off.

Wilbur didn't know it at the time, but he nearly started a third front.

The hermit out at siding No. 61 was Pfc. Ernest Cleever, a warm-hearted, talkative chap, sweating out the final weeks of his solitary jag. Ernest thought the sarge was kidding. He called 10 times each night for a solid week and each time he tried to tell Wilbur about his doll back home. Each time he received a loud click for his pains. "Sgt. Taft, begging your pardon," Cleever finally said, "you are a cruel lowlife."

A week later Taft picked up the phone to find Cleever on the other end. "Don't you ever give up?" sighed Taft. He was about to hang up when he heard horrible sounds whip out from the other end of the line and then the hysterical voice of Pfc. Cleever: "My God, Sarge, send some help. The Arabs are raising hell! They're trying to take the depot for a fort!"

Remembering a hot foot Cleever once gave him on the boat coming over, Taft suspected a practical joke, but just about that time he heard loud wails, a couple of shots and then the line went dead. Taft sprang into action. He called Battalion Headquarters. Sgt. Mitchell answered. "Mitch," Taft told him, "get the old man quick! The Arabs have started a revolt down at No. 61. They've shot Cleever!"

Mitchell was inclined to be skeptical, but it happened that a report had come in from GHQ that very morning, warning of native unrest. Sgt. Mitchell ran to Lt. Charles Lex. Together they ran to Maj. Israel's billet.

"What in the hell's the matter? Is the war over?" shouted the major.

"No, sir, but that report is true. The Arabs have started a civil war. They're attacking the railroad!"

Maj. Israel, an old soldier from way back, jumped out of bed and dashed to the enlisted men's barracks. He asked for 20 volunteers to rescue Cleever. "Remember, men," warned the major, "this is serious business. Volunteers step forward!"

He was nearly trampled to death by frustrated GIs dying to get their maps in *Life* and their M1s into a shooting war.

The 20 men piled into two half-tracks and off they went for No. 61. "It was some ride," recalls Mitchell. "We made the 40 miles in a little over an hour and, brother, in the desert that ain't hay." On the way down Taft kept moaning over and over: "If Cleever is alive, I'll never hang up on a dispatcher again. I promise, Lord."

When they got within shooting distance of No. 61, Maj. Israel deployed his patrol and they approached the station cautiously. It was unusually quiet. When they got within 50 yards, they couldn't see a soul. The lights in the depot were out.

"It might be an Arab trick to draw us in," decided the wily major, who had been sand-bagged once too often in a poker game.

He left 15 men with Lt. Lex and the other five followed the major. Mitchell was the first one inside. "I got into the signal office and not a sound. Then I opened the door to Cleever's room, keeping my gun ready. I heard a groan and then the guy behind me flicked on the lights. There was Cleever in bed, snoring."

Mitchell woke him up. "What are you guys—" The major came into the surprised Cleever's vision about that time. "—here for, sir?" Cleever asked innocently.

"You're askin' us, private? Where in hell is the revolution?" yelled the major.

Then Cleever saw the light. "Oh, I heard that report from GHQ this morning so I thought I'd kid Sgt. Taft."

"How about those shots and yells, you traitor?" yelled Taft.

"Oh, that. I just got the natives to holler and I shot a couple of rounds out the window," said Cleever. "Pretty realistic, eh Sarge?"

The sergeant didn't answer. The major did.

Pfc. Cleever is staying out at No. 61 with his Lana Turner pin-up, his wailing natives, his desert and his telephone—indefinitely. But he isn't calling Sgt. Taft these nights.

This Week's Cover

THERE is good reason for this exchange of congratulations somewhere in China." Sgt. Charles Patton of Dallas, Tex., and Sgt. Marino Galluzzo (right) of Uniontown, Pa., both gunners, had just returned from a bombing raid on Hankow. Patton shot down three Zero fighters; Galluzzo, flying his first combat mission, got himself two of the Zekes.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—INP. 5—Pfc. Martin Harris. 6, 7 & 8—Sgt. John Bushemi. 9—Acme. 12—Lower right, U. S. Army; all others, Cpl. James Pettyes. 13—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 16—Upper left, Sgt. John Frano; lower left, USMC; right, Signal Corps-PRO, Camp Edwards, Mass. 17—Upper left, PRO, AAFAFS, Marfa, Tex.; upper center, Signal Corps; upper right, Erie Proving Ground, Ohio; lower left, Columbus (Miss.) AAF; lower center, PRO, Newport (Ark.) AAF. 20—Columbia Pictures. 21—USMC. 23—Upper right & center left, Acme; lower right, Army Air Forces.

African Camels, Two Yanks Say, Ought To See Movies More Often

CENTRAL AFRICA—A one-hump African camel, even when his legs are hobbled, can run like hell.

That's the testimony of Cpl. Robert Hornak of Meadville, Pa., and S/Sgt. Vernon Burkhead of Jackson, Miss. Burkhead ought to know; he's been chased by one. Hornak saw it all happen, and in a way he was to blame.

The two soldiers were making a trip into the bush country to take some photographs. Coming on a bunch of grazing camels, all of them apparently securely hobbled, the GIs spent some time snapping pictures. Then Hornak decided he wanted to ride one of the animals.

Not knowing how to mount a camel, but remembering the way they do it in the movies, the corporal kicked one in the knees. But the camel, never having been in Hollywood, didn't know that this was the signal for him to kneel down and let Hornak get on. What's more, the camel didn't like getting kicked in the knees.

The animal took off, not after Hornak but after Burkhead, until then just an innocent bystander. Several hundred natives yelled and cheered as the camel chased the sergeant through the bush in a photo-finish race. Burkhead won by the skin of his teeth, but he had to clear a five-foot hedge to do it. Neither he nor Hornak is kicking any camels in the knees these days.

—Sgt. KEN ABBOTT
YANK Field Correspondent

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Who Said There's No Romance In Alaska? Missouri GI Shows 'Em

FORT RANDALL, ALASKA — Like many other spots where GIs are stationed, Alaska is a land where women are so scarce that they're collectors' items, with plenty of collectors and practically no items. In spite of all this, Sgt. Eugene L. Kinser has managed to acquire not only a wife but a baby since he came up this way.

Back in February 1942 Kinser landed with an expedition of soldiers on an isolated island near the eastern end of the Aleutian chain, site of one of the territory's many fishing canneries. The cannery foreman, Robert Gould, had an 18-year-old daughter named Irene, as the sergeant promptly discovered. Then the Army snafued the romance by transferring Kinser to this post.

But love will find a way, and Kinser persuaded the higher brass to let him marry Irene if she would have him. On May 30 the intrepid sergeant set sail in a fragile boat, equipped with an outboard motor, across 16 miles of choppy water to Irene's home. That same day they were married by Father Hotovisky, a pioneer Russian Orthodox priest. An Alaskan williwaw conveniently provided Kinser with an unexpected honeymoon, kicking up the waters so much that the tiny boat was unable to make the return trip for four days.

In due time a six-pound baby was born to the sergeant and his missus at the station hospital here, under the watchful eye of Lt. Col. Donald Branham. Little Molly Jean is the first GI baby born here, and her arrival attracted much attention. The hospital's enlisted personnel gave her a $50 War Bond as a birthday present, and Gen. S. D. Downs, the post commander, wrote the young lady a letter of welcome.

Mrs. Kinser, who was born in Alaska and educated at Seward, has never visited the States. The sergeant, who hails from Springfield, Mo., plans to take Irene and Molly Jean back to the Old Country one of these days. Meanwhile mother and daughter are making their home with Gould on the island, and the sergeant visits them every now and then.

—Cpl. FRANK FRIEDRICHSEN
YANK Field Correspondent

The marble ladies of an Italian fountain get some olive-drab rigging as these Yanks of the Fifth Army do their laundry. L. to r.: Pvt. Anthony Mizin, Cpl. Wayne Garman and Sgt. Joe Mazner.

Flyers Take Busman's Holiday, Climb 10,739 Feet Up Mount Etna

SOMEWHERE IN SICILY—They had flown past Mount Etna, the 10,739-foot volcanic peak in eastern Sicily, and now they wanted to climb it.

It was some time after the Italian island had been liberated that two lieutenants and four sergeants of the famous 57th Fighter Group made the climb, the first Americans up Sicily's highest peak since the war began.

Lt. Charles Leaf of East Orange, N. J., arranged the expedition. With him went Lt. Warren Shaw of Hodgenville, Ky.; 1st Sgt. Leland Pettis of Appleton, N. Y.; T/Sgt. Leslie Moulton of Norwood, N. Y.; S/Sgt. Max Miller of Greenville, Tex., and Sgt. Albert Schoenfeld of Tucson, Ariz.

After supper one cool evening the six flyers loaded up a weapons carrier with blanket rolls, rations, water and gas, and drove through the plains past the ghost city of Catania and beyond Nicoli toward Etna. It was dusk now, and the craters and rubble of the battlefields had given way to vineyards, pear trees and occasional cypresses.

"Grand Hotel" was all filled up, and the party drove on to the meteorology station at the University of Catania, where the road ended. The wind began to kick up and they shivered as they bedded down for the night.

At 8 A. M. the six started out on foot. It was 4½ miles to the peak by a trail that followed the old lava flow, a sprawling black river of mud. There was no vegetation now, just lava.

After an hour's climb they paused at a small stone hut and looked back, marveling at the winding mountain road they had traveled, admiring the now diminutive "Grand Hotel," the sun-flooded valley and the blue Mediterranean. The ascent grew a little more arduous as the elevation and slope became steeper. It was easy to slide on the lava.

Just in time to take shelter from a hailstorm, the party reached the Etna Observatory, a two-story circular stone structure begun in 1940 but abandoned because of the war. By the time lunch was over the sun had come out again. They entered their names and addresses on the register, after looking in vain for other Americans in the recent pages.

Fifty minutes later they were standing on the lip of the cone of Mount Etna. From fissures in the rocks rose the pungent odor of sulphur gas. The active cone rumbled and seethed. One of the sergeants threw a rock down inside; he never even heard it land.

From the mountain's summit the six airmen looked out to the north toward Italy. Southward sprawled rocky, hilly land, scene of hard fighting a short time before. Just below the six conquerors of Etna, a flight of American fighter planes roared past in perfect formation.

—Sgt. ALBERT SCHOENFELD
YANK Field Correspondent

If He Looks Like a Head-hunter, Better Slip Him an Indian Five Spot

ASSAM, INDIA—If Lt. William L. Atwell of Marion, Va., had been around New York 300 years ago, he might have underbid Peter Minuit when the Indians put Manhattan Island on the auction block. During a recent mission to set up an Army outpost in the jungle, he bought the same mountain twice, at only $5 a clip, spurred on by the danger of becoming a laboratory specimen for the Naga head-hunters.

Atwell was the leader of the first party of whites since 1880 to go into an unsurveyed area here, and though the Nagas are supposed to be civilized these days, the lieutenant wasn't sure whether this particular crowd of natives had heard about it yet.

Under Atwell's command on the jungle mission were Sgt. Louis A. Brodeur of Millis, Mass.; Sgt. Sergio P. Magedo of Seekonk, Mass.; Cpl. John J. Nicosia of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Pfc. Henry L. Humr of Cleveland, Ohio; Pvt. Claude H. Riedel of Marion, Ind., and Pvt. Richard R. Slater of Alameda, Calif.

The party set out with five Gurkha riflemen, several porters and an interpreter, and made their way to a Naga village where they feasted on tough pig and spent the night. "After dinner, we examined some of the heads the village had taken," Atwell said. "The chief was slightly embarrassed at the small size of the collection, declaring that a fire had burned the village three years ago and destroyed 100 heads." The natives showed the Americans how they took freshly captured heads and set them in the sun to dry like raisins until the hair fell out.

Next day the GIs dug deeper into the wilderness, hitting another village some miles away. The inhabitants came out to greet them with spears in their hands instead of in the ground, which is the way you receive friends. "A big husky fellow with empty shotgun shells in his ears stepped forward," Atwell said. "He was obviously the chief. He pointed out across the hills and said '*jaboo*.' It didn't take us long to figure out he meant 'scram.'"

The next morning the party located a mountain that looked good for an outpost. Atwell slipped the local chief $5 in Indian currency and they signed a treaty that ceded the mountain to the lieutenant. On the way back, the Yanks encountered 250 warriors lined up along the trail. The interpreter said the natives insisted the mountain belonged to them. So Atwell bought the mountain all over again, for another five spot. Then he arranged for the two tribes to work on alternate days, preparing the American position on the mountain.

—YANK Field Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .

CLEAN-UP OPERATIONS

A picture story of mopping-up tactics used by the Infantry against the Japs in the South Pacific jungles.

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Dream of Adolf With the Soft Brown Eyes

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

"I WANT a 15-day furlough." I stood before my first sergeant with a suitcase in one hand. In my arms I held six cartons of cigarettes and two big vases of flowers.

"Your little niece," he asked coldly, "is ill again?"

"I wish to visit the Nazi war prisoners," I replied with quiet dignity. "In Colorado." From under my garrison belt I pulled a clipping out of a New York newspaper.

My first sergeant's lips moved laboriously as he read the headline: "ARTISTS AMONG GERMAN WAR PRISONERS. PAINTERS AND MUSICIANS DISPLAY THEIR SKILL."

"Here, let me read it for you." And I read to him about the "muscular blond youths," these "picked men of the Afrika Korps," who were painting pictures of "buffaloes, of white-capped mountains, of Indians." And about their barracks, "from which was flowing a tide of music."

His forehead wrinkled. "These are Nazis?" he asked.

"Listen to this," I said and read further from the clipping: "'We have been here only a few weeks, but we are trying to make things nice,' explained the Nazi sergeant."

My first sergeant's eyes began to mist over with tears. "Those Nazis," he gulped, "they're tryin' to make things nice!"

"Pull yourself together—that's not all!" And I read to him about the writer's visit to the Nazi prisoners who were painting pictures:

"Good! Very good!" I said, peering over the shoulder of the man who was painting the Sangre de Cristos.

"Ja! Ja!" he replied, turning on me his soft brown eyes.

My first sergeant's lips were trembling. "This Nazi boy, this painter, he had soft brown eyes! It says so there?"

I got the furlough, and in a few days I was in front of the Nazi prison camp in Colorado, loaded with gifts from the men of our battery. I elbowed my way through the crowd of newspaper feature writers who were tossing peanuts over the fence to the prisoners.

Groups of muscular blond youths were practicing ballet on the prison lawn, while a circle of Nazi noncommissioned officers wove garlands with the flowers they had gathered in a nearby forest. Shy, self-effacing second lieutenants with soft brown eyes were having a go at chamber music on the steps, but they rose and trotted away at my approach. I tossed packages of cigarettes in a vain attempt to lure them back. They kept a safe distance, heads down, eyes averted.

"How like our own second lieutenants," I sighed affectionately.

"Will the American soldier step this way, please?" said my Nazi guide. He led me indoors, past the classes in basket weaving, hand painting of jewelry and linoleum-block printing. We went through a small side door which suddenly slammed shut behind us.

We were in a spacious, lavishly furnished room. Behind a huge chrome desk sat a little man in the uniform of a German field marshal.

"Ah," he said, adjusting his monocle. "So nice to have you with us. Won't you sit down?"

The young Nazi guide reached over and slapped me across the mouth. "When the commander says sit down, you sit down!" he snapped. "Democratic swine!"

I started to swing, but two Nazi gorillas rushed out from behind a screen and worked me over.

"How tiresome," sighed the commander. "Now perhaps you will be more—sensible?"

"The American Embassy shall hear of this!" I muttered through bleeding lips. He smiled wearily and offered me a cigarette from a heavily jeweled case.

I cunningly decided to play his game, to stall for time. "Come now," I smiled, "we are civilized men of the world. Exactly what do you want of me?"

"Ah!" he beamed, "we are getting on much better! I knew you were a sensible young man. I want very little, really." His face suddenly became tense. "Can you get me a working model of the bazooka? What are they saying in your latrine about a second front? What is the strength, disposition and equipment of the American forces in Italy?"

"I don't know about their strength and equipment," I fenced, "but their dispositions are not so good. They are very hot-tempered."

For my impudence he had his gorillas beat me again, and I was thrown into a dungeon. How I escaped, how Gretchen, the beautiful soft-brown-eyed German spy, risked her life to help me slip out disguised as a newspaper feature writer, is a story too familiar for me to repeat here. "American," she whispered, "I love you! Please do not think badly of me. I do not like this work—they force me to do it!"

My nerves shattered and my hair prematurely gray, I staggered back to camp. "Here is another article about the German war prisoners!" cried my first sergeant. "It says their dry-point etchings are simply out of this world!"

". . . but we were only trying to make things nice."

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HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

SPOKANE, Wash.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

SPOKANE, WASH.—In the last two years, Spokane has become a changed city. Before the war it was the capital of the fabulously wealthy agricultural, mining and lumbering district known as the Inland Empire (Montana, Idaho and parts of Oregon and Washington). Now it is a center of heavy industry comparable with Pittsburgh or Birmingham, Ala.

In the rich wheatfields in the valley to the east has sprung up the $79,000,000 Trentwood works of the Aluminum Company of America, second largest plant of its kind in the country. Thousands of people work there, one of its buildings alone covers 55 acres and 18 jeeps are used to transport executives from one end of the plant to the other. On the truck farms to the north has sprung up the $34,000,000 Mead Reduction Works, a second plant of the Aluminum Company of America performing an entirely different type of function. In the forests to the north, just outside the suburb of Hillyard, has sprung up the $23,000,000 magnesium reduction plant of the Union Carbide and Carbon Company.

To the west has sprung up the sprawling Army air base, Geiger Field, and beyond that the huge Spokane Army Air Depot with its myriads of civilian workers. At the little summer resort town of Bayview (population 100) on beautiful Lake Pen Oreille, 55 miles to the east in Idaho, has sprung up the Farragut Naval Training Station, second largest in the world. On the vacant lots on the northwestern fringe of Spokane has sprung up the 1,500-bed Baxter Naval Hospital.

All this has left its mark on Spokane. Its population has increased from 122,000 to 151,000, and war workers from 34 different states have come in and quietly made themselves a part of its life. Old-time residents shake their heads and try to adjust themselves to the metamorphosis. "This was a big little town once," says Dave Kirk, beloved DLK of the Spokane *Chronicle*. "Everyone knew everyone else when they met on the street. Now I hardly recognize anyone any more. Spokane is a city of strangers."

Riverside and Sprague Avenues are so crowded that often you find yourself forced off the sidewalk and walking in the street. Servicemen flood the downtown section every night. The people receive them genially and sensibly. Many take them into their homes, and on Saturday nights the lobby of the exclusive Davenport Hotel is draped with the forms of soldiers and sailors reclining peacefully on the 19th century furniture under hotel blankets thrown over them personally by Mr. McCluskey, the manager. This caused a lady guest who entered the hotel early one Sunday morning to run out hurriedly, thinking she had intruded on restricted government property.

If you go to the Model Restaurant or to the Oasis at the Desert Hotel, the Silver Grill at the Spokane or the Italian Gardens at the Davenport, more likely than not you will find yourself part of a long line waiting patiently to get in. The city's beer joints and chicken-dinner places are jammed, even though the "kitty" orchestras, which used to play for contributions, have been replaced by juke boxes. Joe's with its floor show is the nearest thing to a night club in the city. People save their gas coupons to drive to the Slab Inn across the state line for Sunday beer.

Washington's strict laws allow only private clubs to sell hard liquor and maintain slot machines. As a result, clubs play a more dominant part than ever in Spokane's social life. Such organizations as the Athletic Round Table, the Keglers, the Early Birds and the Press Club occupy lavish quarters and the Masons have a temple that looks like a full-scale model of the Lincoln Memorial.

The bowling alleys, such as the Temple and the Bolero, have turned into all-night places, even though pin boys are so scarce that the bowlers sometimes have to run down after each roll and set up their own pins. About the only way to see a show at the State or Fox without standing in the inevitable line is to get up and go before breakfast after the swing-shift show. This is particularly true at the Nu-Rex, which has found it profitable to specialize in sexy films of the "For Adults Only" variety. The line outside the Nu-Rex sometimes requires the attention of a special detachment of police.

The police have had another problem on their hands since the Army moved in in 1940. The Second Air Force came here at that time, and one of its first official acts was the closing of the red-light district down around Trent and Main Streets.

This problem, like juvenile delinquency, however, is really a minor one and well under control because of intelligent handling by the city administration. To curb the juvenile delinquents, who were developing such delightful habits as slashing the furnishings in the movie houses, a small-fry recreation club was established in the old Benewah Creamery building at First and Washington. Now a lot of kids devote their energies to consuming ice-cream sodas and jiving at the club instead of doing the things juvenile delinquents usually do.

SIDE by side with the new Spokane are more familiar things. People still meet under the big four-faced clock in the Crescent Department Store. High-school kids clutter the soda fountain in the store and the street in front of it. When the Shriner's hold their ceremonials, they parade through the streets singing "How Dry I Am" and wearing green-and-yellow sashed coats and red fezzes. The clean white porcelain water fountains on Riverside Avenue bubble unconcernedly all day in the sun. People still dance at the Natatorium, go horseback riding at Coopers, and neck on the dizzy heights of Cliff Drive, on South Hill or the High Drive, overlooking Hangman's Creek. Al Morse's Club and Gym is still the hang-out of the gambling and sporting set.

No one can forget the cool green lindens or the indescribable scent of Spokane's lilacs in May. Mount Spokane looks down on the city in snow-capped majesty, and the river dashes itself down the volcanic falls of its deep gorge beneath the Monroe Street bridge—white, awesome and terrifying.

This is the old Spokane that neither man nor war can alter.

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For the second year, Kodiak was the site of the GI Olympic Games, with 800 soldiers competing in track, field and military contests. While the athletes' attire was not quite what it should be, the spirit was, and a good time was had by all.

The traditional parade of the Olympics, different from those that used to be held in various capitals of the world—but still an impressive sight.

The 120-yard low hurdles—but, of course, there's no such thing as a low hurdle when you're wearing GI shoes. Cpl. Bill Combs (extreme right) won it.

The 100-yard dash is won with ease and with GI shoes by Cpl. Leon Dearborn in just 10:9.

Sgt. Jesse Horn and Flopper win hill climb.

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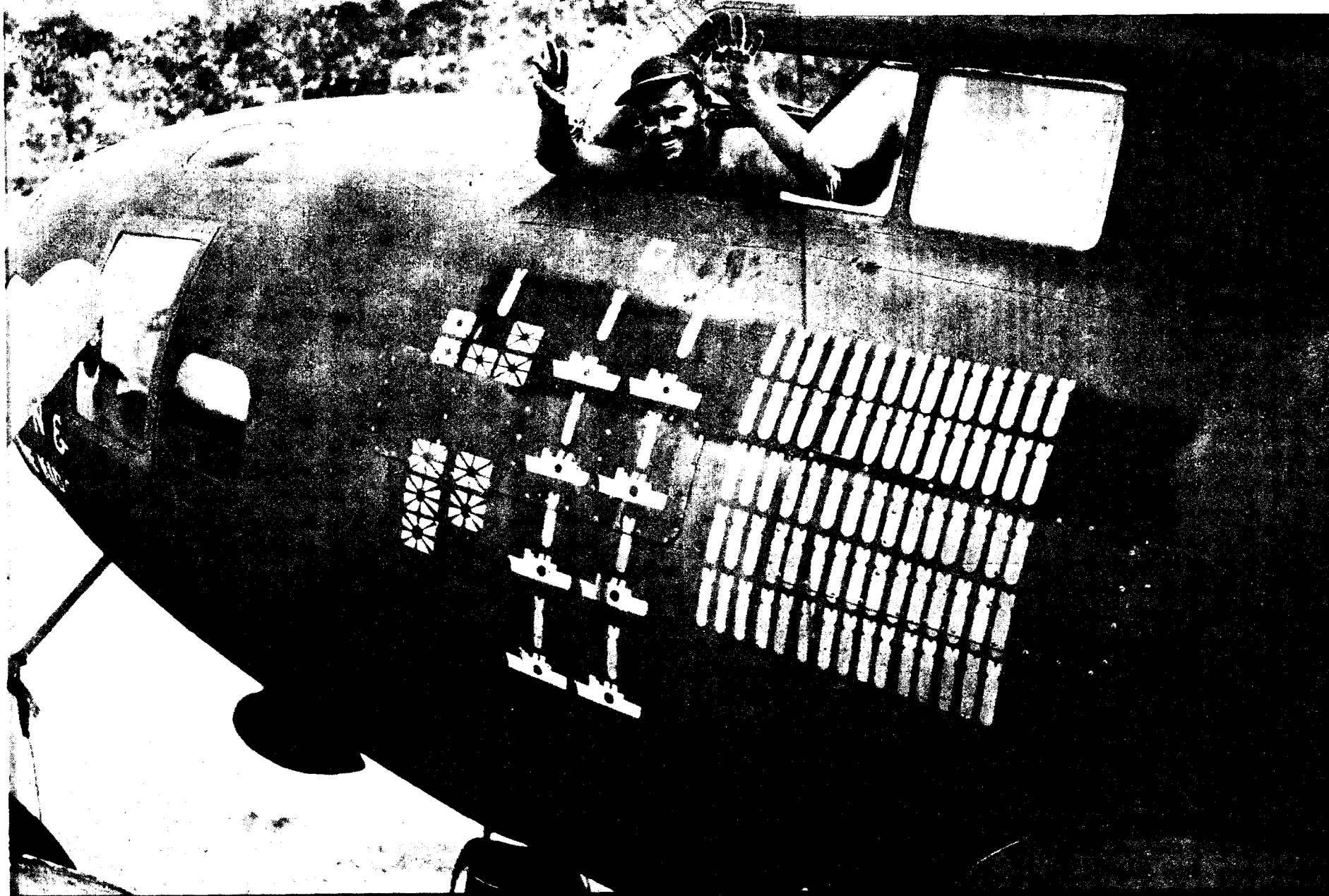
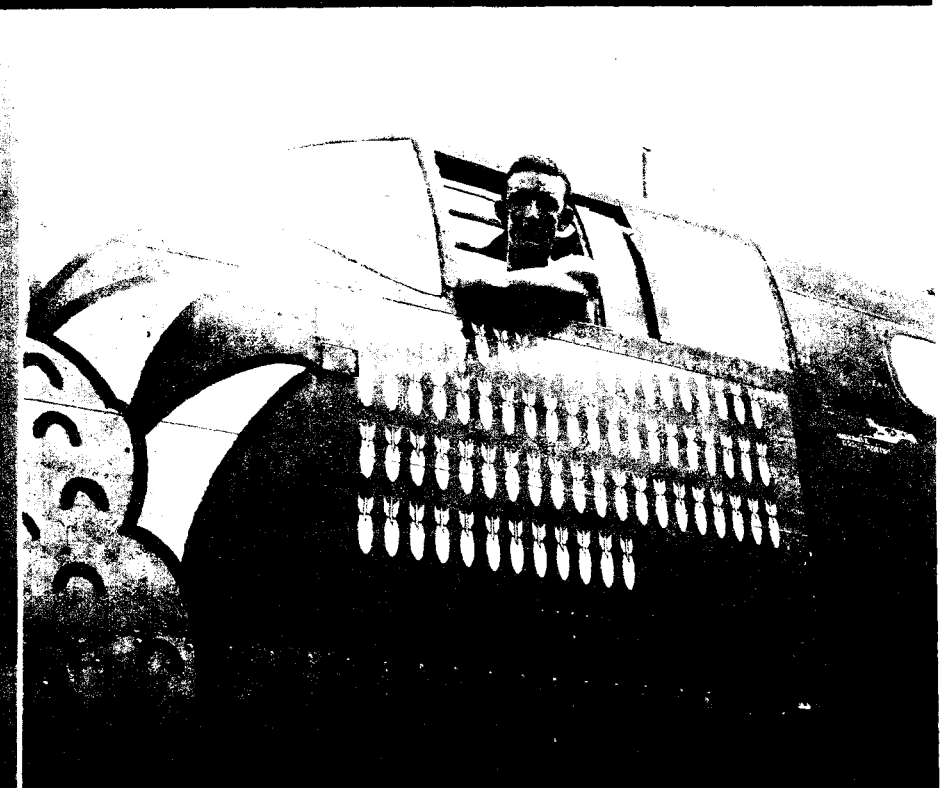
There's been a lot of arguing over what ship's been doing the most flying over enemy territory. The men from New Guinea enter this top trio: a Fortress, a Liberator and a Mitchell. All three have added to the score since these pictures were made.



Here is the New Guinea veteran of veterans, *The Cap'n and the Kids*, with 84 missions to its credit when this picture was taken. It had knocked off 10 Zeros and eight Jap ships. Its crew chief, S Sgt. Jacob N. Warrenfeltz of Hagerstown, Md., seems particularly proud of those ships. Pipe the eight fingers he's waving. *The Cap'n* was named in honor of Maj. Scott and his "kids" of Bismarck Sea battle fame. In an amazing career, it has had two of its engines shot out, its hydraulic system shattered, its tail shot away and holes the size of your head blasted in its wings.

Second to *The Cap'n* is *The Eager Beaver* with 77 missions, three Zekes, two cargo vessels and a destroyer. M Sgt. Berbard Hanson, crew chief, of Pine Island, Minn., is bringing the scoreboard up to date.



Next, *The Tokyo Sleeper* with 76 missions, eight Zekes. When picture was made, T Sgt. Clyde A. Gillenwater, crew chief, of Saltville, Va., and the ship had just returned from No. 76. Its scoreboard needs fixing.

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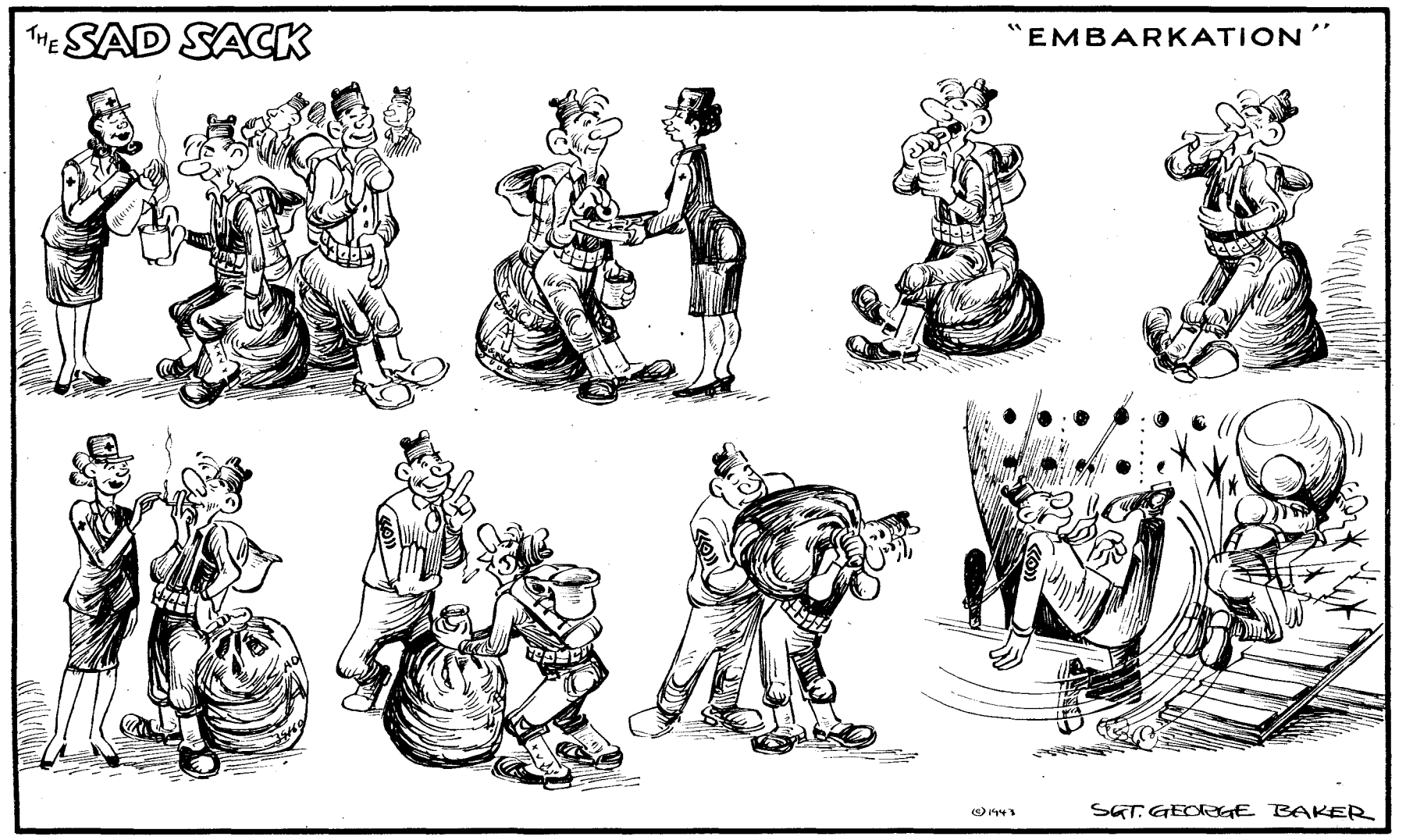


USAFI, Boola! Boola!

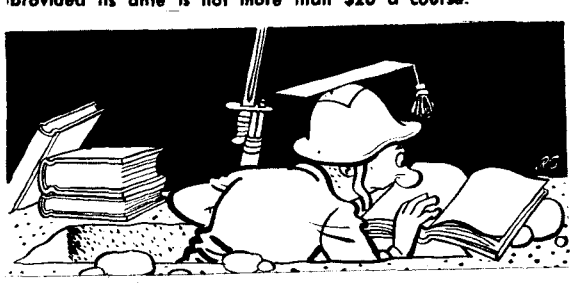
Dear YANK:

I'm sweating it out at a God-forsaken spot in the Southwest Pacific where time drags as heavily as a full field pack on a recruit. There are no dames, no movies, no newspapers, and damned little human society. I've been stuck out here for 14 months and I'm beginning to talk to the Dodo birds. In fact it's so bad that our top kick says he recently signed up for a course in interior decorating. No kidding, is there a correspondence school for soldiers? Can I enroll at this isolated post and what subjects could I study?

Bora Bora —Pfc. HAROLD STEVENS

■ The United States Armed Forces Institute, with headquarters at Madison, Wis., is equipped to serve all men who have been in service for at least four months with correspondence courses on practically every subject in the books, and it's about the most profitable way there is to spend your leisure time in the Army. To enroll, see your Special Service officer or Red Cross field director. If neither is available, write direct to the USAFI at Madison, Wis., requesting a catalogue of the subjects offered and an application blank. Choose the course you want to take, fill out the blank, have your CO initial his approval and mail it back to Madison. The current charge for each course is $2, which partially covers the costs of texts and materials. This price may be raised or lowered slightly from time to time, but the Government foots the biggest part of the bill. No previous educational training is required for enrollment, and you may continue your studies as long as you're in the Army, provided you do all your studying in off-duty hours.

In addition to the Institute courses, for which no academic credit is allowed, special college correspondence courses are available to high-school graduates, and academic credit will be given for all courses successfully completed. Fees for college courses vary, but the Government will pay half the cost, provided its ante is not more than $20 a course.



Ratings After the War

Dear YANK:

We have had all kinds of statements, sworn and otherwise, to the effect that when an enlisted man is promoted to the grade of warrant officer and proceeds from there to a higher commission, at the end of the war he will revert to the grade of warrant officer instead of his former enlisted grade. AR 105-10 states that this is so in the case of *Regular Army* warrant officers but does not specify the exact procedure in the case of *AUS* warrant officers. This is our question: Does a permanent staff sergeant who gets promoted to warrant officer today and who gets a higher commission tomorrow revert back to warrant officer after the war, or does he revert back to staff sergeant?

Fairfield-Suisun AAB, Calif. —Unit Personnel Section

■ If he passed the tests for warrant officer in the Regular Army and received a permanent appointment, he will revert to that grade after the war. But if his promotion to warrant officer was temporary, he will revert to his permanent rank, staff sergeant, no matter how high he climbed in the commissioned ranks. All warrants are plainly marked temporary or permanent.

What's Your Problem?

Dear YANK:

I have heard that whenever an enlisted man is appointed warrant officer, his enlisted rank becomes permanent and that after the war he reverts to the grade he had before his promotion. I was a master sergeant when I was appointed WO. Does the fact that I was appointed temporary WO make my master sergeant's rating permanent?

New Guinea —GARLAND B. SMITH, WO

■ No; after the war you will revert to whatever permanent warrant you had prior to July 1, 1941. If you had no permanent rank before that, the war's end will find you a buck private.

Dear YANK:

I was inducted about a year ago. Recently I was made a T-4. If I decide to stay in the Army after the war will I be able to keep that rating?

Sicily —T-4 JOHN BERRIMAN

■ No; all warrants for noncommissioned officers in all arms and services issued on or after July 1, 1941, are temporary [WD Circular No. 122]. Transfers in grade, however, may be permanent. For example, a permanent buck sergeant could be made a permanent T-4 but a temporary buck sergeant would revert back to whatever permanent rating he had before July 1, 1941. If he had none, his post-war rank would be private.

Insurance Loan

Dear YANK:

When I was drafted six months ago I decided to try and keep up the premiums on a life-insurance policy I have with a private company. I'm married and have three kids, so I took out $10,000 worth of Government insurance also. Today I'm having a hard time paying those premiums to the private company. Is there any way to get the Government to help me hold on to that insurance?

Fort Benning, Ga. —Pvt. OSCAR WILLIAMS

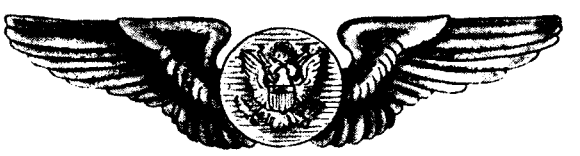
■ If your policy with the private concern is for not more than $10,000 and a premium was paid on it at least 30 days before you entered the Army, the Government will make the payments for you, provided 1) the indebtedness against the policy is less than one-half of the cash value and 2) military service will not reduce the death benefit or increase the premiums of the policy. These payments, however, are no gift; they become a lien on your policy and must be paid back with interest within two years after your discharge. Write Director of Insurance, Veterans' Administration, Washington, D. C., for Form 380 (Application for Benefits).

Does Pfc. Rate Wings?

Dear YANK:

I am having a heck of a time trying to decide whether I'm eligible to wear the large, silver Air Crew Member wings. When I graduated from armament school they told me I could buy the wings upon presenting my graduating certificate. Now they tell me I have to have 50 hours' flying time before I can wear them. Exactly what qualifies a guy for that badge?

ASTU, Tucson, Ariz. —Pfc. JOHN RILEY



■ The following are qualified to wear the aviation badge, Air Crew Member: 1) Graduates of AAF aerial gunnery schools and 2) any member of an air crew who has shown proficiency in his regular crew duties and who has been authorized by his CO to wear the badge.

Graduate gunners may wear the Air Crew Member wings permanently, but other crew members who have been relieved of air-crew duties may continue to wear them only if they meet one of the following conditions: *a.* 50 hours of flying duty as a member of an air crew, *b.* participation as a member of an air crew in an operational combat mission during which exposure to enemy fire was probable and expected, *c.* incapacitation for duty from wounds or injuries received while discharging the duties of a member of an air crew.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

We Could Use More Bob Hopes

THE *Crusader*, official weekly of Gen. Montgomery's Eighth Army, recently delivered an editorial blast against Gracie Fields, the British stage star, because she broke a date to entertain its troops in Italy and ran off to America to keep a radio engagement. Sgt. D. H. Martin, the *Crusader's* editor, declared that all entertainers like Gracie should have been put in uniform at the start of the war and allowed to wear "paint and pretty clothes" only while they are performing before audiences of servicemen.

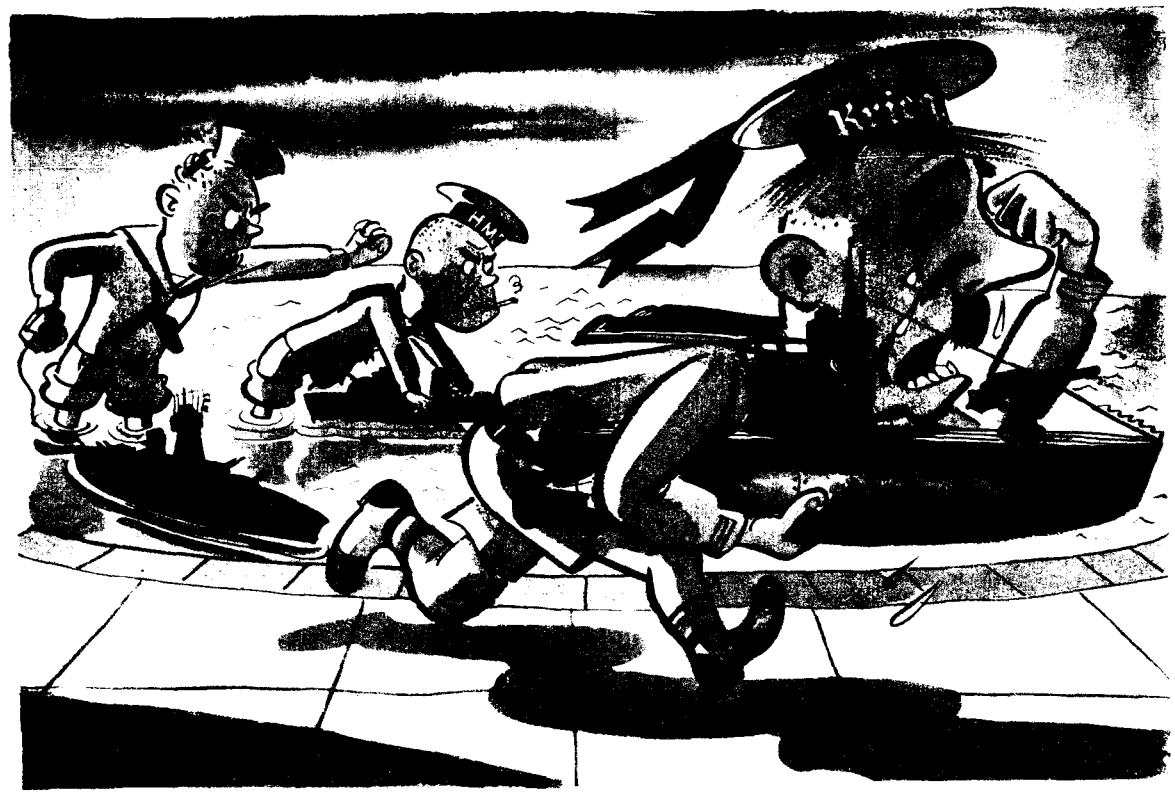
We wouldn't agree completely with the sergeant on that one. If you slapped Betty Grable, Ann Sheridan, Abbott and Costello and all the other Hollywood stars into ODs, it might make the Army very pleasant but it would also ruin movie production. Life is pretty glum these days for GIs in remote parts of the world but, if it weren't for the movies, it would be much worse.

But we could use a few more personal appearances of big-name stars overseas, a few more people like Al Jolson, who has made four trips to foreign theaters of war, Bob Hope, Ray Bolger, Jack Benny, Joe E. Brown and Andy Devine, who requested no publicity when he sweated out a recent journey to our remote bases in Labrador and Greenland.

Most of the troop entertainment in this war has come from the rank and file of ordinary show people—men and women whose names are not famous but who have been working on the stages of camps and overseas bases without a break since Pearl Harbor. They don't rush home to fulfill radio obligations because they haven't got any radio obligations. And they are not planning to cash in on their Army-tour publicity because the papers never mention them. We have never seen headlines, for instance, about Maxine Marsh, a tap dancer; Christine Street, an accordionist and singer, and Adelaide Joy, a comedienne. Those three girls, typical troop entertainers, were killed in an RCAF plane crash Mar. 27, 1943, while touring our North Atlantic bases.

It's about time that the hundreds of unpublicized, self-sacrificing show people on overseas duty shared the burden they have been carrying so quietly with more of the higher-paid glamor personalities of Hollywood and Broadway. As far as we know, there's nothing holding them back. The War Department has never set a limit on the number of entertainers allowed in its foreign theaters, probably because it has never had many difficulties along that line. Maybe the food and lodgings won't be the best at times, but we guarantee that the audiences will be appreciative.

THE DEAD END KIDS



New Benefits Law

IN case your wife is figuring on moving into a more expensive apartment because of the extra dough she's to get under the new dependency benefits legislation, you'd better tell her to hold off for a while. Because the WD has explained that it will require several months to make the change-over in the 3,000,000 GI family-allowance accounts and that until the conversion is completed she will get her benefit checks at the old rates.

Meanwhile, new single-sheet certificates are being sent to all soldiers' dependents, which should be filled out and returned as soon as possible. These certificates will give information that is needed for the conversion of accounts to the new rates.

The new scale doesn't change the $50 payment to your wife, but it jumps the payment for a wife and child from $62 to $80 per month and the payment for each extra kid from $10 to $20. The bill also extends its benefits to the four highest noncom grades, who were not included in the old bill, with the provision, however, that these grades must waive subsistence and rental payments they are now authorized to receive.

Here is a comparison of some monthly payments under the new and old laws:

Dependent.	Old	New
Wife	$50	$50
Wife and one child	62	80
Each additional child	10	20
Child, but no wife (with $20 for each additional child)	42	42
Divorced wife	42	42
One parent (dependent for chief support):		
Where there is no Class A (wife or child) dependent	37	50
Where there is a Class A dependent	20	50
One parent (dependent for substantial support):		
Where there is no Class A dependent	37	37
Where there is Class A dependent	20	37
Two parents (dependent for chief support):		
Where there is no Class A dependent	47	68
Where there is Class A dependent	30	68
Two parents (dependent for substantial support):		
Where there is no Class A dependent	47	37
Where there is Class A dependent	30	37
One parent and one brother or sister (dependent for chief support):		
Where there is no Class A dependent	42	68
Where there is Class A dependent	25	68

New Dog Tags

In the future, GIs upon entering the Army will get dog tags minus the name of the next of kin and the emergency address, but containing all the other usual information [AR 600-35]. Old dog tags, however, will not be replaced. The reason behind the change is occasional German short-wave broadcasts to the United States, apparently based on dog tags found on battlefields, which give out false information on casualties to the families of American soldiers. The AGO records can operate just as efficiently with the man's name and serial number on his dog tag.

Erratum

YANK erred in a recent reply to a *What's Your Problem?* query when it said: "If his [a soldier's] share of the company fund is $10 or more, it may be given to him outright, or transferred to the company fund of his new outfit." The statement should read: "If his share of the company fund is $10 or more, it may be transferred to the company fund of his new outfit."

Army Discharges

Approximately 550,000 officers and enlisted men were honorably discharged from the Army between Dec. 7, 1941, and Aug. 31, 1943, the WD announces. This figure includes about 200,000 men who were over 38 and were let out to go into essential war work. Of the remaining 350,000 a large majority received CDDs for physical and mental disability.

Washington O.P.

SECRETARY of War Stimson outlined at a press conference the Army's manpower program for a planned peak strength of 7,700,000 on Dec. 31. That's only 400,000 more than the strength on Sept. 1, but 300,000 replacements will be needed by that time, too. Normal replacement for next year will be at the rate of 75,000 a month. For historians he also traced a parallel between the present American and British campaign and the march of Garibaldi's troops in 1860. Seems they, too, landed in Sicily, just a few miles from the American landing, fought their way to Palermo and Messina and then up the boot of Italy and, in a victory at the Volturno River, decided the outcome of the first war of liberation of Italy, the *Risorgimento*.

You can expect a WD announcement soon concerning soldiers' discussion groups . . . Men preparing the booklet to help GIs learn Japanese tell us they are surprised to find Japanese one of the easiest languages in the series. We are surprised, too. . . . The new field jacket not only has more pockets but is also two inches longer than the present job. . . . Quick now, what is the only basic new weapon developed since the first World War? The Engineers will tell you it is the earth-mover. For the first time in warfare, earth-moving equipment has been adapted to military needs. —YANK's Washington Bureau

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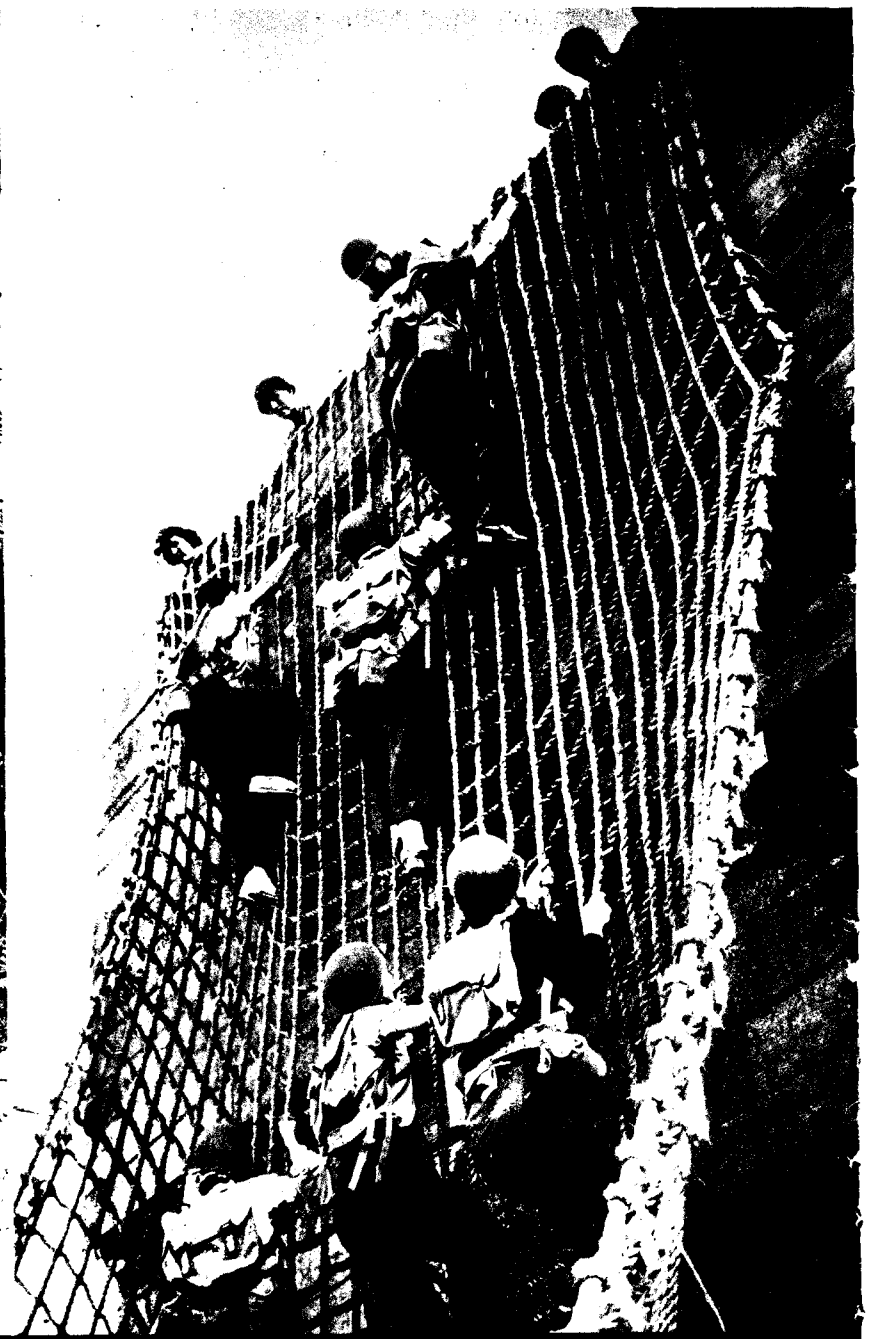
HIGHBALL. Pvt. Alton Pierce gives the go-ahead signal to Sgt. Charles Mann as Pvt. Raymond Wilson (extreme left) repeats the order. Men are members of the transportation corps which operates and maintains this Fort Benning (Ga.) narrow-gauge railroad line.

FOXHOLE FOR TWO. Rusty the Red Fox registers breathless anticipation as his owner, Pvt. Harry W. Weber, draws a bead on a target in field training at the Marine Base, Quantico, Va. Says Rusty: "Any old time, any old day, I'll be glad to share my foxhole with a marine."



NETWORTHY. Nurses from a station hospital unit at Camp Edwards, Mass., show how it should be done as, wearing packs, they clamber up landing net, part of routine training for overseas duty.

Wac on the Nose

Turner Field, Ga.—Pfc. Dorothy Rutherford, mechanic at this post, was the envy of all her sister Waes because of the tremendous amount of mail received. Finally the reason for the postal deluge came out.

When the famed B-26, *Jalbo*, stopped here, Pfc. Rutherford added her name and address to the signatures on the nose of the ship of Army personnel all over the world. Then *Jalbo* took off for visits to other fields and everywhere it stopped Dorothy gained a few more correspondents.

Postcript on Matrimony

Williams Field, Ariz.—Pvt. Maurice L. Rampy, a parachute rigger here, feels at 35 that it's time for him to settle down. Witness the letter he recently sent to his CO:

Dear Sir:

For the past three or four months I've been keeping steady company with a girl who works in parachute re-pack. Sir, I am getting along in life. I've been the world over and drank enough moonshine to float a battleship, without any consolation. There is an empty space in my life that whisky will not fill. So I came to the conclusion that there was a woman put down here for every one of us guys, so if every one of us don't get one, some of these guys will have two, which ain't good. Sir, with your permission I wish to make this girl my wife tonight.

P.S.—I'm also getting an 8-year-old boy in the deal.

Permission was granted.

Worried Mother

Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.—The worried mother of Pvt. Gillie Weaver Jr. wrote to the adjutant general. Her son, she said, was evidently unfit for military duty. Ever since his induction he had been in a hospital, although he never complained about his ailment. It would save the Government money, she explained, if her son was released to her care.

The letter eventually reached Weaver's CO who had a talk on letter-writing with Pvt. Weaver and then wrote the anxious mother. He assured her that there was nothing the matter with her son, that his stay in the hospital was in line of duty as a medic with the 102d Evacuation Hospital.

—Cpl. Bishop H. Nash in the Peterson Field (Colo.) *Wingspread*

BTC 5, Kearns, Utah — A trainee recently approached Pfc. Veronica M. Smith, whose hobby is handwriting analysis, and asked if she could tell about his girl from seeing her letter. "She's been high-hatting me," he said. Pfc. Smith read a few lines and averted the smash of another romance by telling the jeep: "She's not high-hat. She's shy and gentle. She has a very kind heart."

Alameda Coast Guard TS, Calif.—Charles B. Rogers Slc, senior artist in the educational office here, is exhibiting his work at the Gump Galleries, San Francisco. Rogers' exhibit at the Vendome Galleries, New York, in 1936 won commendation from art critics.

Camp Campbell, Ky.—The father draft brings a raised eyebrow to the face of Pfc. Hallie Smith, radio operator with Troop D, 33d Mechanized Cavalry. Smith, 37, is the father of three children and the grandfather of a 9-month-old boy.

Camp Kohler, Calif.—Pvt. Walter F. Schwabauer and Pvt. Howard D. Schmidt both come from Lincoln, Nebr. They met at the ERC school in Lincoln, were called to active duty together and took their basic in the same group. Both were assigned to Company D-4 and attended RO school together. They shipped to Sheppard Field, Tex., and landed in the same outfit on the same day.

MISSION UNACCOMPLISHED

Moore Field, Tex.—S/Sgt. Michael G. Dariotis, of the 504th Sq., is literally obedient about his orders. As CO, it was his duty to record faithfully all that happened during the night. In this record, his CO found this item:

"10 P. M. Unsuccessful attempt to kill mouse."

Camp Crowder, Mo.—T-5 Andy Carrao, first cook with Company B, 800th Signal Tng. Regt., had been bragging about his food-fixing talents. The other day he got a package from his best girl. Out of it dropped—a cook book.

Camp Butner, N. C.—Members of a WAC detachment here, being driven back to camp, were

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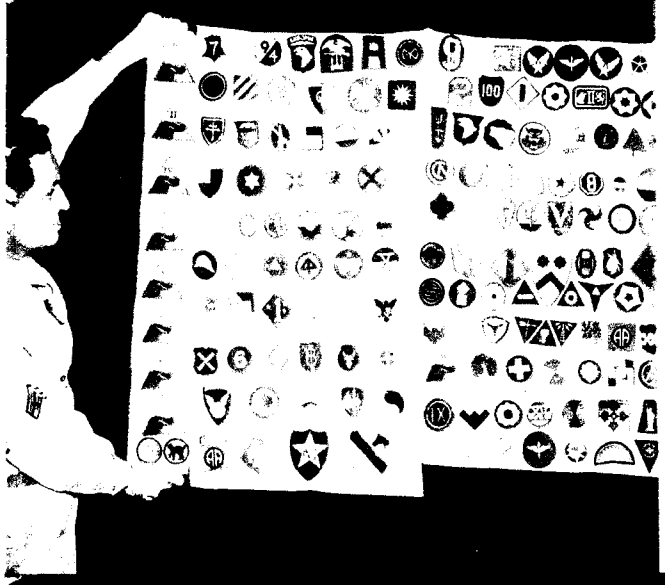
BABE IN ARMS. Elmer A. Richardson, 18, has a good claim to being the youngest master sergeant in the Army. He's a chief clerk at Marfa AAF, Tex.

DOUGH PROBE. Bake it out or shoot it out, it's the same to this baker at Camp Pickett, Va. Carbine is handy as he takes a look at bread from mud oven.

BONUS CHECK. No extra charge for this study of Mary Yarsco who tests armor plate at Erie Proving Ground, Ohio. GIs at EPG chose her Pin-up Girl.



THANKS YANK. Cpl. Sam Hampton Jr. displays his collection of patches at Columbus AAF, Miss. Hampton used YANK's *Trading Post* to gather 53.

SEW AND SEW. Expert is Sgt. A. H. Siebenmorgen working on a stripe owned by Wac Marian R. Usatynski. Needling is being done at Newport AAf, Ark.

in good spirits and suddenly broke out in song. Pvt. Lawrence Coles, the driver, jammed on the brakes, jumped out of his car and raised hell to ask in alarm what had happened. The 20 Wacs present told him that they were merely rendering "I've Been Working on the Railroad."

Spence Field, Ga.—Sgt. Louis Warszawski and Sgt. Louis Sorokin, both members of the 9071th QM Det., have red faces, the result of embarrassing incidents. Sgt. Warszawski, in charge of laundry, had his own rejected because he had filled out the laundry slip wrong. Sgt. Sorokin, in the QM shoe-repair shop, was gigged for being the only GI in his barracks whose shoes needed repair.

Camp Roberts, Calif.—Cpl. Joe Genter, Company C, 84th Inf. Trng. Bn., can pull his rank on Pvt. John Naef, and Naef hops to it on any detail. But things were not always so. In civilian life, Genter worked for Naef.

Camp Croft, S. C.—When Pvt. Edward S. Skolnick first came here in April he was a dancing member of a USO-Camp Show troupe. When he returned for a second visit, he had shed his civilian status and became a member of Company B, 36th Bn.

Camp Stewart, Ga.—Pvt. William H. Martin, with the 15th Airborne Bn., will shortly collect the equivalent of 4½ months' pay. He was a recent $225 winner in a radio script contest for the "Dr. Christian" radio show. Not so long ago he won $50 as fifth prize in the *Reader's Digest-Liberty* short-story contest.

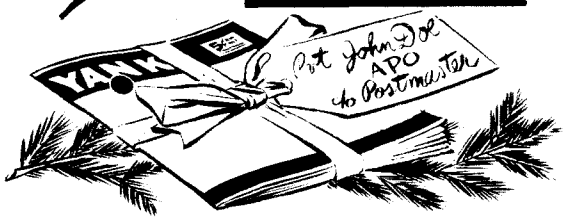
Camp Van Dorn, Miss. Pvt. Odie Somler had himself quite a dream recently. A huge snake appeared to block the entrance to Somler's tent. Frightened, Somler jumped out of bed, ran out the rear of his tent, knocked down several nearby ones and came to rest finally in the large company tent. There, breathlessly, he realized it had all been a dream.

Camp Chaffee, Ark.—Pvt. Gene Wiechach, 48th Tank Bn., was cleaning out Company C's day room. He came across the following books, chosen for the entertainment of GIs here: "Bound to Rise," "The Winning of Barbara Worth," "The Tale of Jimmie Rabbit," "The Merryweather Girls on Camper Trail" and "Little Men."

If it's a good story, or a picture that's interesting, send it to the Continental Liaison Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department, Pentagon, Washington, D. C., with the request that it be sent on to YANK, The Army Weekly. Let other GIs share it with you.

CAMP NEWS

For Christmas give **YANK**



IT'S always tough to figure out what to give a pal for Christmas, and it's particularly tough when he's in the service. But YANK is a gift that any yardbird or four-star general will really appreciate. Don't scatch all the hair off your head trying to decide. Just fill out the coupon below and relax.

There's no better gift for a GI than YANK! It's 2 bucks for one year or one buck for six months.

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WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

IN THE NEW HEBRIDES these nine GIs want to get in touch with their pals who left them to join Coast Artillery and Quartermaster outfits and a Sanitary Company and also those who returned to the States. Front row (l. to r.): Pfcs. Dan McDonald, Willie Cousin, Thirkield Mowbury and Cpl. Kenneth Earl Nevels. Back row (l to r.): Cpl. Earl V. Hoyt, Pfc. Walter Butler, Pfc. Rollie Age, Pfc. Lawrence Ingram and Cpl. Arthur Moran. All of these guys can be reached c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*. We'll forward the letters.

Mail Call

Veterans' Organizations

Dear YANK:

I'm in favor of the veterans of this war going in with the old American Legionnaires. Most of them are our fathers and know what we will be up against. If you can't trust your own dads, what are we fighting for? They went through their hell under fire so if the Legion was good enough for them it should be good enough for their successors.

Camp Chaffee, Ark. —**M/Sgt. RALPH C. GEBHART**

Dear YANK:

Before accepting the offer of the American Legion to join their ranks, let's glance at their record. In 1923 Alvin Owsley, national commander, said, "Do not forget that the Fascisti are to Italy what the American Legion is to the United States." In 1930 Mussolini was invited to speak at the Boston convention of the Legion. In 1931 Ralph T. O'Neill, then national commander of the Legion, sent official greetings to Mussolini. In 1933 William E. Easterwood Jr., national vice-commander, visited Mussolini and conferred honorary membership upon him, a membership that later had to be retracted only because of a technicality. Correspondents of the American Civil Liberties Union throughout the country generally agree that the American Legion leads the field in attacking civil rights.

Bolling Field, D. C. —**Sgt. DAVID SILVER**

Post-War Forum

Dear YANK:

I was intensely interested and gratified that you devoted a full page in an October issue to letters from soldiers who wanted to discuss post-war plans. Up to the present this subject has been avoided by Army Orientation and by most civilian news agencies.

Scott Field, Ill. —**Pfc. EUGENE J. BAYO**

■ YANK is an open forum for soldiers who have ideas to express about the peace and post-war America.

Resplendent Soldier

Dear YANK:

I think that all ribbons should become strictly GI and not to be bought in stores by anyone who has the money to purchase them. . . . Not long ago we returned from the South Pacific and were standing on a corner in Frisco when up comes a GI with an Asiatic ribbon flanked with two Good Conduct ribbons. After eyeing my buddy's ribbons, which included two battle stars on his Asiatic ribbon, he pointed to them and said, "Well, I see you have two brothers in the Army." He was serious as hell, so my buddy just as serious told him no, they were for two sisters in the WAC.

Stockton Field, Calif. —**Cpl. PHIL BAKKÉ**

Pre-Plumbing Era

Dear YANK:

The only trouble with taking a bath in Alaska is the water freezes before you can get the soap off and you feel like a brass monkey. One guy who took a bath recently went to sleep and had to be taken out with ice tongs. This has its advantage though, because after your bath you could jump into a scotch and soda and make someone a n-ice drink — if you had the scotch and soda.

Alaska —**Pfc. R. C. PERRY**

Parent and Critic

Dear YANK:

In addition to her regular duties, Bonnie, the band mascot, became a mother over the week end. Cpl. Leon Gonion with guitar and Sgt. James Armour with trumpet are providing some lunch music for the 10 pups. Bonnie is 49th AAF Band's best critic. During a number she sits on the piano and if the music is a little off pitch or someone blows a sour note, Bonnie points her nose skyward and howls to high heaven. Once the music sounds satisfactory to her critical ear, she curls up between the drummer and the first trumpet player and goes peacefully to sleep.

Fort George Wright, Wash. —**Cpl. LEON GONION**

Strikes in Wartime

Dear YANK:

We in the Southwest Pacific Area have been thinking about the strikes back home. Each time a strike occurs it not only delays our victory, but it keeps us in this God-forsaken outpost longer. When will those so-called flag-waving American strikers be satisfied? We are doing our job and take a darn sight more risks than they—and for lower wages. Don't get me wrong. I'm not kicking about the money I make. If it were necessary, I'd do my same job for only a place to sleep and something to eat.

New Guinea —**Sgt. CLYDE N. RICHARDSON**

Dear YANK:

Pvt. Peck in his letter to YANK, in an August issue, overestimates the number of strikes in wartime. According to the Labor Research Association less than 6/100 of 1 percent of total man-hours worked in war industry since Pearl Harbor have been lost due to strikes—far less than are lost due to common colds.

Camp Crowder, Mo. —**Cpl. V. V. ROE**

Mail Clerk's Gripe

Dear YANK:

Men gripe when the mail service is slow but don't realize that some of the fault lies with them. All GIs want their mail fast but a hell of a lot won't go to the trouble of putting their correct return address on the envelope. Consequently, a lot of mail is slow in delivery and in some cases has to be returned to the sender. . . . It creates confusion when men use just their initials instead of writing out their full names. There are many men in camp with the same initials and last names and it's always a great deal of trouble to locate the proper man. . . . It would be a lot easier if the Army serial number were put after the sender's name, but most soldiers skip it altogether. . . . Mail would be delivered faster if everyone notified their correspondents of their change of address. At school here we graduate a class every week and we're still receiving mail for students who graduated back in June and July. Seldom does a day go by without the arrival of 50 to 75 letters that have to be readdressed.

Rossford Ord. Dep., Toledo, Ohio —**T-5 LEONARD J. KAHN**

MESSAGE CENTER

A. LEW ACKER: see *Message 1.** . . . S/Sgt. CHARLIE W. ADAMS of Savannah, Ga., once at Lowry Field, Colo.: write M/Sgt. Roy A. Russum, Hq. 69th Tac. Rcn. Gp., AAB, Abilene, Tex. . . . Pvt. FRED ALBERTSON, once at Camp Crowder, Mo., in a Sig. Bn.: write Sgt. Louis Ervin, Co. C, 308th Med. Bn., Camp Breckenridge, Ky. . . . Pvt. GLENN W. ALFORD of Vicksburg, Miss., once at Fort Armstrong, T. H.: write Sgt. B. C. Hays, 410th Base Hq., AAB, Pyote, Tex. . . . Pfc. C. ANDERSON, once at AAB, Herington, Kans.: write Cpl. Walter J. Neff, Co. E, 319th Inf., Camp Phillips, Kans.

B. FRED A. BARROW, once at Fort McPherson, Ga.: see *Message 2.*** . . . Pvt. CARRY B. BOYLE, last address, 302 Serv. Sq. D, AAB, Casper, Wyo.: write Cpl. Fred E. Gage, 909th QMC, Det. 18, Kirtland Field, N. Mex. . . . Cpl. BENJAMIN G. BRANDES, once in the 305th FA: write Pfc. Isidore L. Brandes, 1111th Sig. Co. Serv. Gp., AAB, New Orleans, La.

C. Pvt. NICHOLAS CARNEVAK, once at Fort Bragg, N. C.: see *Message 3.*† . . . Sgt. WILLIAM JAMES CRAIG, last address, APO 1, New York: write Pfc. Conrad M. Seagle, Ord. Sec., 353d Base Hq. & AB Sq., AAB, Rapid City, S. Dak. . . . ROBERT L. CURREY, once at Daniel Field, Ga.: write Albert R. Heck, 344 Bomb. Gp., 496 Bomb. Sq., LAAF, Lakeland, Fla.

D. CHESTER L. DAVIS, last heard from in Texas: write Pfc. Hulon N. Wright, SCU 1961, Camp Lockett, Calif. . . . S/Sgt. RAYMOND C. DELANEY, once at Fort Jackson, S. C.: write Pvt. Paul F. Delaney, Btry. K, 2d CA, Fort Macon, N. C. . . . Pfc. JACOB C. DELLAR, once in 18th Inf., 1st Div.: write Cpl. Louis Gruenberg, Co. A, 740th TB (M), Fort Knox, Ky. . . . RAMON DENTON, once at OCS, Fort Benning, Ga.: write Pfc. Bert Reamey, Kanakanak, Alaska. . . . Lt. IDA C. DICKS, ANC, once at Fort Benning, Ga.: write Pvt. Curtis O. Canups, Co. M, 3d Bn., 1st PTR, Fort Benning, Ga. . . . JAMES R. DUNN, once in the 67th CA Bn.: write Paul E. Clapsadle, WO 111th AAA, Gun Bn., Camp Davis, N. C.

F. Pvt. CHARLES FAIG of Philadelphia, Pa., once at Keesler Field, Miss.: write Cpl. A. J. Bowman, Co. A, 764th MP Bn. (21), National Guard Armory, Birmingham, Ala. . . . RAY FRIEDLANDER: see *Message 1.** . . . MIKE FROMM: see *Message 1.**

L. WILLIAM LANGERTON of Senath, Mo., Navy: write T-5 Arley Horman, Co. A, Ord. Auto. Sch., Ord. Dep., San Antonio, Tex. . . . BILL (POPS) LEYDEN, once at WJBK, Detroit, Mich.: write Pvt. Jim Leacock, Co. G, ASFRTC, Camp Maxey, Tex. . . . Lt. ANTHONY LOMBARDO, once at Fort Bragg, N. C.: see *Message 3.*†

M. HAROLD F. MAGNESS, once at Fort McPherson, Ga.: see *Message 2.*** . . . Pvt. H. W. MCFALLS, USMC, once at Unit 990: write Pfc. Roy M. Raminez, 461 Bomb. Sq., Bks. 14, AAB, Casper, Wyo. . . . DICK MOSELY, Paratroops, last heard from in San Francisco, Calif.: write Pvt. Nancy Lobell, AAS, Branch 3, Conway, Ark. . . . Pvt. JACK J. MURPHY, once at Tacoma, Wash.: write Cpl. John F. O'Connor, Sq. 809, Sioux Falls AB, S. Dak.

R. Sgt. FOSTER RATAJ, once at Camp Polk, La.: write Cpl. Frank Jenders, 677th AAF Pilot Sch. (Basic), Bainbridge, Ga. . . . Sgt. LELAND RIGGS, who returned from overseas to attend OCS at Camp Davis, N. C.: write Pvt. Joseph Misiaszek, Hq. Btry., 411th AAA Gun. Bn., Camp Davis, N. C. . . . Pvt. JOHN H. ROBERTS, once at Hammer Field, Calif.: write Pvt. Robert McIntosh, Casual Det. Sect. F, Camp Stoneman, Calif. . . . SAMUEL ROSENFIELD, once at Westover Field, Mass.: write A/C M. L. Londer, Sq. 4, Cadet Det., GCAAF, Garden City, Kans. . . . Pvt. RALPH (BARNEY) RUSSO: write Pfc. Fred J. Herbert, Co. L, 176th Inf., Fort Benning, Ga.

S. OTTO SCHMIDT, once at Fort McClellan, Ala.: write Pfc. Dora Bird, Hosp. Sect., SU 1741, Wac Det., AP Br., Fort Des Moines, Iowa. . . . S/Sgt. A. C. SCHULZE, once at APO 948: write S/Sgt. Charles Kinch, Hq. Btry., 126 AAA Bn., Camp Haan, Calif. . . . Lt. HARLAN V. SHEEHAN, once at Fort Bragg, N. C.: see *Message 3.*†

**Message 1:* Write Cpl. Bernard Stepensky, *The Observer*, Brooks Field, Tex.

***Message 2:* Write Lt. J. Robinson, Port Engr., CPE, Charleston, S. C.

†*Message 3:* Write 1st Lt. S. R. Weston, Co. A, 145th ASTB, North Camp Hood, Tex.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

The following men want to trade shoulder patches: Cpl. Carl Focht, Hq. Co., 1117 Engr. (C) Gp., Camp Swift, Tex.; Cpl. Eugene F. Renckly, 456th Amphibian Trk. Co., Moultrieville, S. C.; Sgt. Chester F. X. Burger, 908 TG, Miami Beach, Fla.; Sgt. Frank Copple, Hq. 914 FA Bn., 89th Div., Camp Carson, Colo.; S/Sgt. William D. Fickeisen, Sta. Hosp., NOPE, Bks. 8, New Orleans, La.; S/Sgt. Kenneth T. Sparks, Co. C, 7th Bn., TC OCS, NOSA, New Orleans, La.; T/Sgt. Walter Thibault, H & S Co., 4th Bn. (Shop) ASF UTC, NOSA, New Orleans, La.; S/Sgt. R. M. Lewis, Hq. Co., 13th Corps, Fort Du Pont, Del.; T-5 Raynold L. Kinseth, Hq. Btry., 729 AAA M/G Bn., Camp Carson, Colo.; Cpl. H. J. Blasch, Co. E, 2d Tng. Bn., Camp Ritchie, Md.; 2d Lt. Robert Necarsulmer, QMC, Camp Chaffee, Ark.; Pfc. Steve Platek, Co. I, 399th Inf., Fort Jackson, S. C.; 2d Lt. Norman J. King, Hq. Kansas Recruiting Dist., Wyandotte County Court House, Kansas City, Kans.; Cpl. Charlie Strang, 234th Sig. Opn. Co., Presidio, San Francisco, Calif.; Pfc. Charles G. George, Co. B, 394th Inf. Regt., 99th Div., Shreveport, La.

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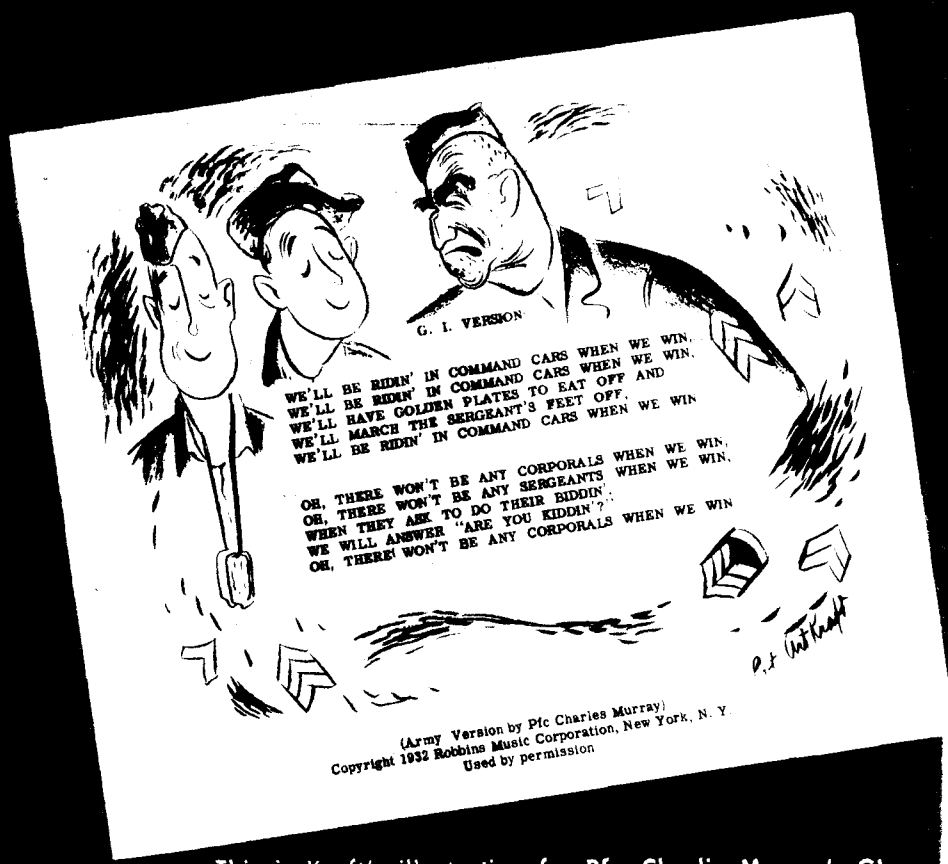
G.I. Songs

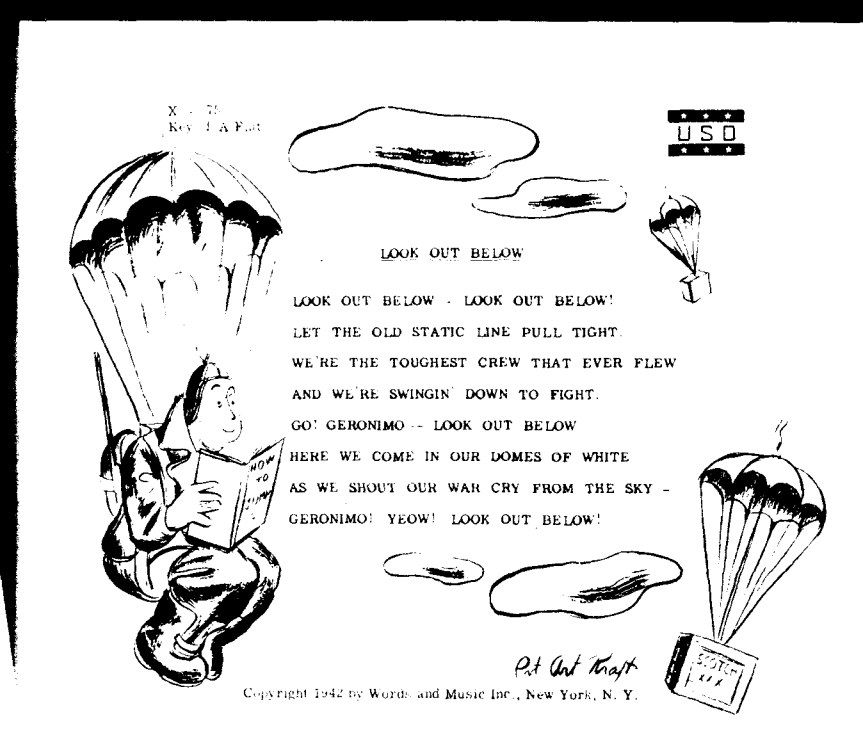
Here are a few samples of movie slides designed by Pvt. Arthur Kraft for song fests at USO soldier gatherings.



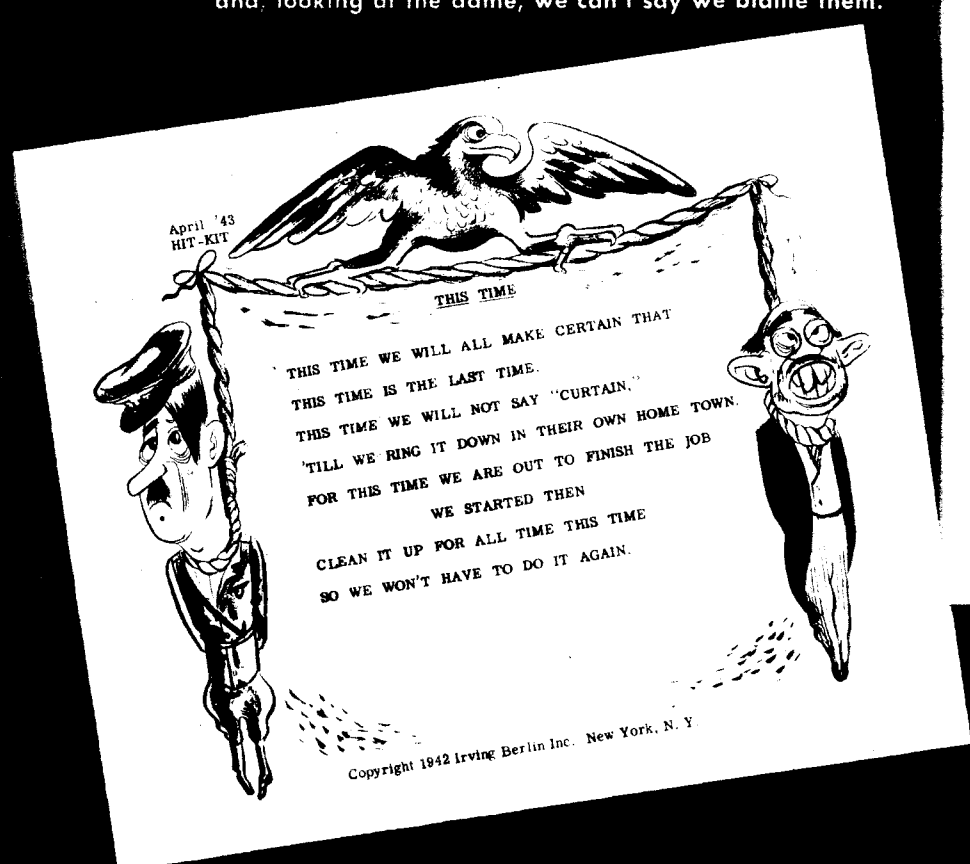
This is Kraft's illustration for Pfc. Charlie Murray's GI version of "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain."

These dogfaces seem to like singing "Goodnight Ladies" and, looking at the dame, we can't say we blame them.

This Army version of "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" appears to be more of an Army kitchen version.



This one is designed for paratroopers or anybody who feels like a paratrooper and wants to yell "Geronimo!"



Kraft uses Adolf and Tojo to brighten up the finale song of Irving Berlin's famous soldier show, "This Is the Army."

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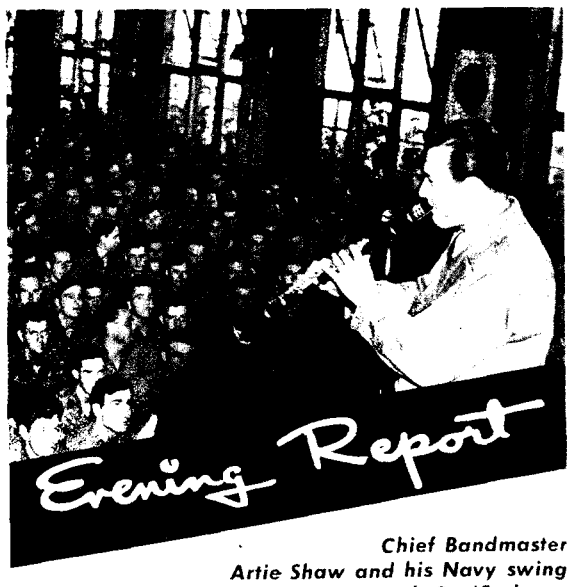


Chief Bandmaster Artie Shaw and his Navy swing band entertaining Marines at a South Pacific base.

BAND BEAT. A Hollywood columnist pulled a boner recently when she said that Artie Shaw married Jerome Kern's daughter Betty and now they have a little "trumpeter" [*see photo*]. . . . Anson Weeks takes over Ray Herbeck's band intact when Ray reports to Uncle Sam. . . . Esquire mag's All-American band will make with the jive jump on Jan. 18 at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. . . . After a three-week run at the Frolics Club, Miami Beach, Joe Venuti is calling it quits with the band business for the duration. . . . Helen Ward, former thrush with Hal McIntyre, replaces Helen Forrest with the Harry James crew. . . . Marty Schramm and his Four Kings and a Queen picked up an extra eight weeks at the Hotel Henry's Silver Grill, Pittsburgh. . . . Jack Teagarden disbanded his outfit for six weeks so that he could have time to have an operation. . . . Bob Astor has moved into Pelham Heath Inn, N. Y., to replace Sandy Spear. . . . Woody Herman goes into Dailey's Terrace Room, Newark, on Jan. 7 for a four-week stay. . . Martha Tilton is back on the air following a visit from the stork. . . . Buddy Fisher and orchestra are playing the Met Ballroom, Philadelphia.

COAST TO COAST. GI songsters will have available soon a book of songs of the Army airmen which in its 150 pages and list of 72 titles will include many old favorites. Bound in blue with the AAF emblem in gold, the book comes in two editions—one for voice and one for piano. . . . Sammy Walsh, mc-ing with the Frederic March USO show at Ascension Island in the South Atlantic, ran into T/Sgt. Jack Levine; both were registered in the same draft board at Roxbury, Mass. . . . Reports have it that Jack Benny will quit his acting career to turn executive at the war's end. . . . Democrats in Philadelphia are using jive recordings on a midnight-to-1 A.M. slot over WIP to corral swing-shift voters. . . . Decca is making an album of six numbers from the new Broadway musical-comedy hit, "One Touch of Venus," with Mary Martin and Kenny Baker vocalizing. . . . Werner Janssen's Symphony Orchestra opened its season in Pasadena, Calif., with bookings along the Pacific Coast to follow. . . . The manpower shortage put five gals into the line-up of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. . . . Illness forced Joe E. Howard out of "Grandfather's Swing Follies" at Lookout House, Cincinnati.

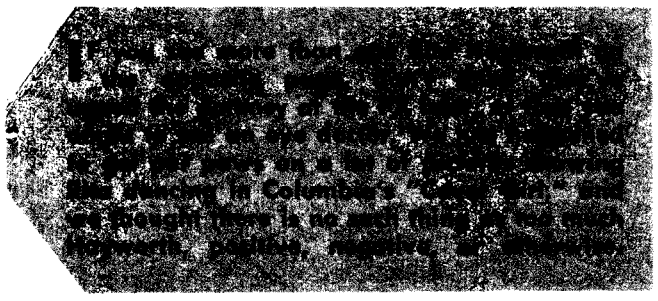
CAN YOU PICTURE THAT?

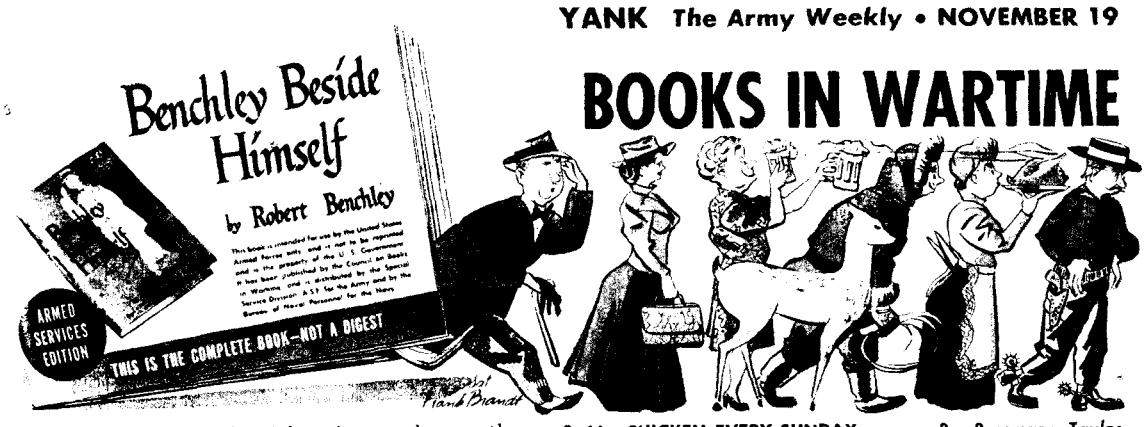
REMEMBER those blocks you had to count on the AGCT test? Well, here's a block problem without any picture to help you.

Imagine a cube of pure white wood. It is painted black on all sides. Each side is three inches long. Now imagine this three-inch cube cut up into one-inch cubes. Then answer these questions:

A) How many cubes are black on one side only?
B) How many cubes are black on two sides only?
C) How many cubes are black on three sides only?
D) How many cubes are white on all sides?
E) How many one-inch cubes are there in all?

(Solution on page 22)





BOOKS IN WARTIME

LISTED below are the 30 titles that make up the second or "B" series of the Armed Services Editions, the paper-bound pocket-size books which are being published by the Council of Books in Wartime for overseas personnel of the armed forces. As in the preceding series, there are 50,000 copies of each title, and they are being distributed by the Special Service Division, ASF, for the Army and by the Bureau of Naval Personnel for the Navy.

B-31 LET THE HURRICANE ROAR *By Rose Wilder Lane*
Romantic novel of the pioneer days in the Dakotas when men were men and so forth.

B-32 DYNAMITE CARGO *By Fred Herman*
A Murmansk-bound American convoy battles Nazi planes and U-boats in the icy waters of the Arctic.

B-33 COME IN and Other Poems *By Robert Frost*
Selections from the works of a great U. S. poet.

B-34 ETHAN FROME *By Edith Wharton*
The grim story of the life of a New England Yankee written in Edith Wharton's most polished style.

B-35 SUDS IN YOUR EYE *By Mary Lasswell*
One of those friendly gossipy books about friendly gossipy women. The Wacs ought to like it.

B-36 FIGHT FOR POWDER VALLEY *By Peter Field*
A hair-raising western super-dooper in which three brave ranchers bust a racket.

B-37 OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY *By Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough*
Miss Skinner, the actress, and her friend tell a gay tale of a trip through England and France before the lights went out.

B-38 GENTLE ANNIE *By MacKinley Kantor*
A thriller of the Oklahoma frontier in the 1900s.

B-39 BENCHLEY BESIDE HIMSELF *By Robert Benchley*
Collection from the early writings of one of America's funniest funnymen.

B-40 TO WALK THE NIGHT *By William Sloane*
A combination horror story, psychological novel and murder mystery reading like a Hitchcock movie.

B-41 THE GAUNT WOMAN *By Edmund Gilligan*
The adventures of a Gloucester skipper on the trail of a U-boat wolf pack and their mother ship.

B-42 WINTER RANGE *By Alan Lemay*
A western murder mystery with a lot of shootin'.

B-43 PAINTED BUTTES *By Arthur Henry Gooden*
Another western, this time in Arizona. Includes an old man loaded with buckshot, a beautiful dame, a handsome young rancher and a gang of outlaws.

B-44 CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY *By Rosemary Taylor*
A happy-go-lucky story of a boarding house full of strange characters.

B-45 FATHER AND GLORIOUS DESCENDANT *By Pardee Lowe*
Life in the U.S. through the eyes of a young Chinese-American.

B-46 LIFE IN A PUTTY KNIFE FACTORY *By H. Allen Smith*
Anecdotes about all kinds of people from strippers to newspaper columnists.

B-47 LIGHTSHIP *By Archie Binns*
A beautifully written novel about nine men on a lightship off the Columbia River bar.

B-48 GET THEE BEHIND ME *By Hartzell Spence*
What it feels like to be a minister's son.

B-49 MY FRIEND FLICKA *By Mary O'Hara*
Heart-warming story of a horse. Also in the movies.

B-50 MOSCOW DATELINE *By Henry C. Cassidy*
The best of all the books to come out of Russia during this war, by the AP's Moscow correspondent.

B-51 THE UNINVITED *By Dorothy Macardle*
A pleasantly written mystery that is guaranteed not to scare you.

B-52 ROME HAUL *By Walter D. Edmonds*
Historical novel centered around the great days of the Erie Canal.

B-53 POWDER RIVER *By Struthers Burt*
The story of the Powder River country in Wyoming from the days of the Indians.

B-54 THE NATIVE'S RETURN *By Louis Adamic*
An American immigrant returns to his native village in Yugoslavia.

B-55 THE YEARLING *By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings*
The tale of a kid and his pet fawn set against the background of the Florida "hammock" country.

B-56 HOSTAGES *By Stefan Heym*
A gripping and bitter story of Prague under the Nazis. One of the most realistic of the books written about life in Hitler's Europe.

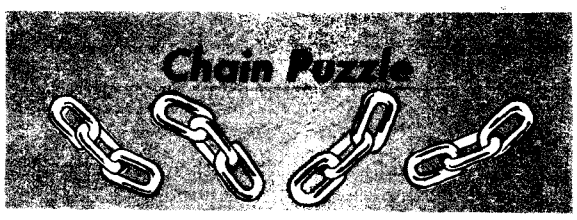
B-57 GOOD NEIGHBORS *By Hubert Herring*
An American expert on Latin America gives us some straight dope about our "good neighbors."

B-58 KLONDIKE MIKE *By Merrill Denison*
The biography of a guy who struck it rich in the Klondike.

B-59 DELILAH *By Marcus Goodrich*
Powerful tale of a U.S. Navy destroyer.

B-60 ARCTIC ADVENTURE *By Peter Freuchen*
Probably the greatest story of life in the Arctic.

"He's listening to Frank Sinatra."
—Cpl. John J. Gallo, Camp Davis, N. C.



SUPPOSE you had four separate pieces of chain, each piece made up of three closed links, and you wanted to form one endless chain out of the entire thing. At the rate of 6 cents for cutting one link and 7 cents for welding one link, what's the least amount for which the job can be done? *(Solution on page 22)*

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

FULL NAME AND RANK ____ ORDER NO. ____

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS ____

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS ____

Allow 21 days for change of address to become effective

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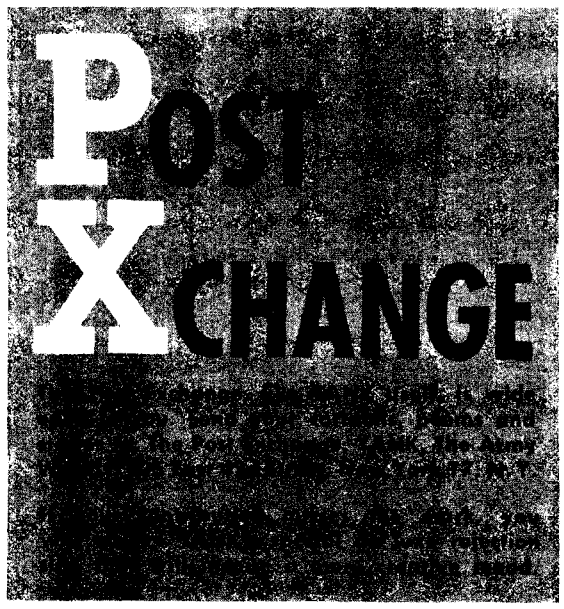


PX GIRLS

The PX girls are a popular lot
With the lads who kill time and drink beer;
It's not that they've got what the others ain't got
It's just that they've got it here.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. A. L. CROUCH

"Got a calendar? Looks like we're here for the night."
—Sgt. Ted Miller, Mitchel Field, N. Y.

My Friend Crossley

LAST night at the local service club I sat in a corner for two hours reading YANK. Then my friend Crossley came in with a buddy of his named Morgan, and Crossley said: "How many guys played the piano who cannot play?"

"Seven," I said.

"Jeez, I'm glad I'm late," said Crossley. "Pardon me while I get a few refreshments."

"He is very rich," Morgan said. "Today he knelt under the wing of an airplane with a mechanic named Huckins and there were sevens all over the place."

In that case, I decided, we could hunt up a few girls. When Crossley came back, he was munching a piece of mocha cake.

"Tonight we love," I said, "on your mazuma."

He choked. "Me? Where would I get any dough? Besides, I came here to eat. This cake is my supper.'

"Oooooh!" said Morgan. "And him after swallowing a porterhouse steak. It's perjury."

"Let's go," I said.

"Look here," said Crossley. "I made 40 cents."

"A magician," Morgan said. "A 10-dollar bill he breaks with the bus driver."

"Hey, look!" Crossley shouted. "They are gonna have a community sing!"

"With a pianner player what can play," Morgan gasped.

And so for the rest of that evening I read YANK and Crossley sang.

At midnight I bumped into Huckins and treated him to a beer at John's, and there was Crossley sitting at a corner table talking very earnestly to a blond in a green sweater.

Huckins stared, then shook his head sadly.

"My dough and my girl," he said. "It's been a sad day."

Teachers College, Oswego, N. Y. —Cpl. WALTER DEAN

How To Handle a Sponsor

IF the gents who publish technical manuals have a yen to turn out something with social significance, all they need do is call on the military patrons of Ale Alley for the makings of a sockeroo, one that'll smash circulation records in AG depots from coast to coast. Ever since the duration began, the words for this yarn have been flitting from pub to pub, just waiting to be written.

The manual, which might be tagged "TM $0.15—$0.25, Taproom Technique, M1943," would deal specifically with that war-born phenom, the Sponsor, the civilian great heart who clamps a meaty paw on your shoulder and insists the next one's on him. If TM Inc. is interested, it should detail a stoop-shouldered pfc. with some knowledge of shorthand to sit on brass rails and under tables, there to record conversations between GI and Sponsor. This way the dope would be gathered right from the horse's trough.

Of course there are some proud soldiers who will declare: "To hell with the Sponsor, I got my own kale, ain't I?" But this group is in a minority so small that it need not be considered.

Until TM Inc. gets around to publishing its manual, it might be well to cite a few pointers compiled by the board of control of Ale Alley.

In the first place, every civilian in a taproom is a potential Sponsor, meaning that every civilian may be suspected of earning $100 or more per week. If a soldier determines that his prospective Sponsor earns less than $100 a week—say $87.50 for example—it is the uniformed one's duty to buy one round, then powder. It has been established that a soldier earning $50 a month actually makes, in civilian terms, as high as $97 per week, taking into account free X-rays, laundry rates, two-for-a-quarter cigarettes, etc. So it would be patently unfair to accept a drink from a civilian who earned only $87.50.

The Sponsor is unpredictable. He might not even speak to you before setting 'em up; instead he might just see your tongue hanging out and the froth dripping on your OD necktie, and whisper to the barkeep: "Give the soldier a whisky sizzle; it's on me." Generally, though, the GI-Sponsor relationship is a two-way proposition.

In dealing with Sponsors, the importance of safeguarding military information must be constantly borne in mind. The civilian mind is curious; the civilian asks many questions. An S-GI dialogue should go like this:

SPONSOR: How many men you got in your outfit?

SOLDIER: Enough to keep things churning.

SPONSOR: Many of your outfit being sent overseas?

SOLDIER: Notre Dame's got more reserve strength.

SPONSOR: I hear the Army's sending more men to the Pacific.

SOLDIER: How much wood would a wood chuck picking pickled peppers while Celia sells her sea shells by the sea shore, *n'est-ce que pas?*

SPONSOR: Beg pardon?

SOLDIER: Why, yes, I'll have another.

This last maneuver is what is termed "turning the flank" and is as successful as it is bewildering.

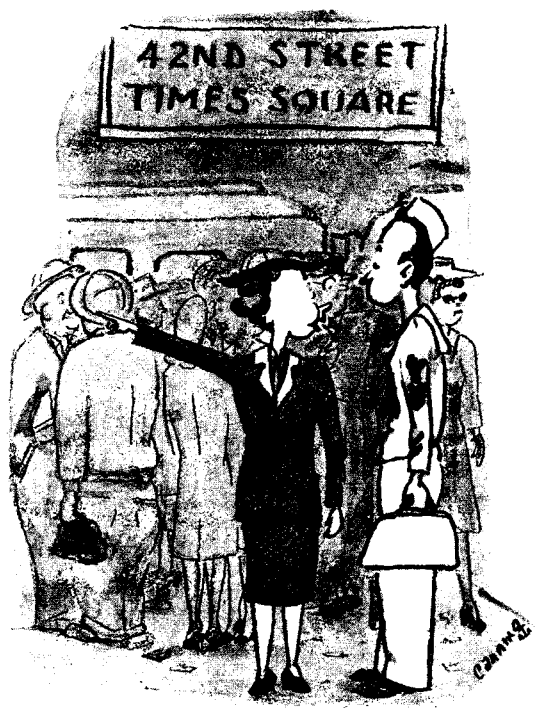
Whether we like it or not, and most of us do, the Sponsor is here for the duration. There's a right and wrong way of handling him. So how about that TM? And if the manual is published, how about giving that pfc. a T-5? Roger?

Buffalo, N. Y. —S/Sgt. JOHN J. BURNS

BLUES IN THE NIGHT

The camp they left was always bliss
For those GIs who reminisce;
But oh, the agony and hell in
The post or station they now dwell in.

AAB, Charleston, S. C. —Cpl. CARL FENICHEL



"Well mate, take the starboard ladder there up to the top deck and then lay to the port hatch, and when you go down the gangway that will be Seventh Avenue. Then——"
—R. P. Canning EM3c, Fleet PO, San Francisco, Calif.

MEMORANDUM

The world is full of gnats and chiggers
Who raise weird welts on our masculine figgers;
So may I suggest that we catch them in traps
And disperse them profusely on Nazis and Japs.

Maxton AAB, N. C. —Cpl. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

REPLACEMENT POOL

Abandon all hope ye who enter here.
Existence now is minus every cheer.
Where you'll go and what you'll do and see
Will be determined by a lottery.
Your number's in and when it's up you'll go.
Where to? And when? Wouldn't you like to know?
Don't try a rumor diet, or start grieving.
When you begin to like it, you'll be leaving.

Somewhere in New England —Sgt. IRVING CARESS

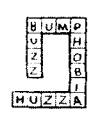
PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CAN YOU PICTURE THAT? A—6. B—12. C—8. D—1. E—27.

CHAIN PUZZLE. You should pay only 39 cents. Just cut each of the three links of one of the pieces and use these links to make each of the three connections. That makes three cuts and three weldings. Comes to 39 cents.

TEE-TOTAL WINNERS

Top scores in this Tee-Total were turned in by A/C Joseph Bena, AAFNS, San Marcos, Tex., and M/Sgt. R. L. Powell, Fort Story, Va. They tied at 302. Powell has already won a Puzzle Kit in a previous contest. Kits in this contest go to Bena and the following runners-up: Sgt. William Buell, Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla. and A/C Elzie Renner, SAACC, San Antonio, Tex. (both tied at 301), and to Pvt. Walter Bolanowski, Camp Pickett, Va.; Lt. R. M. Brubaker, AAF, New York; Chief WO Albert Bruder, SAASC, Kelly Field, Tex.; Cpl. F. B. Cooper, Torney Gen. Hospital, Palm Springs, Calif., and M/Sgt. H. O. Herring, Dale Mabry Field, Fla. (all tied at 300). Bena's winning solution is shown above. Several entries with scores above 302 had words misspelled or incorrect addition.



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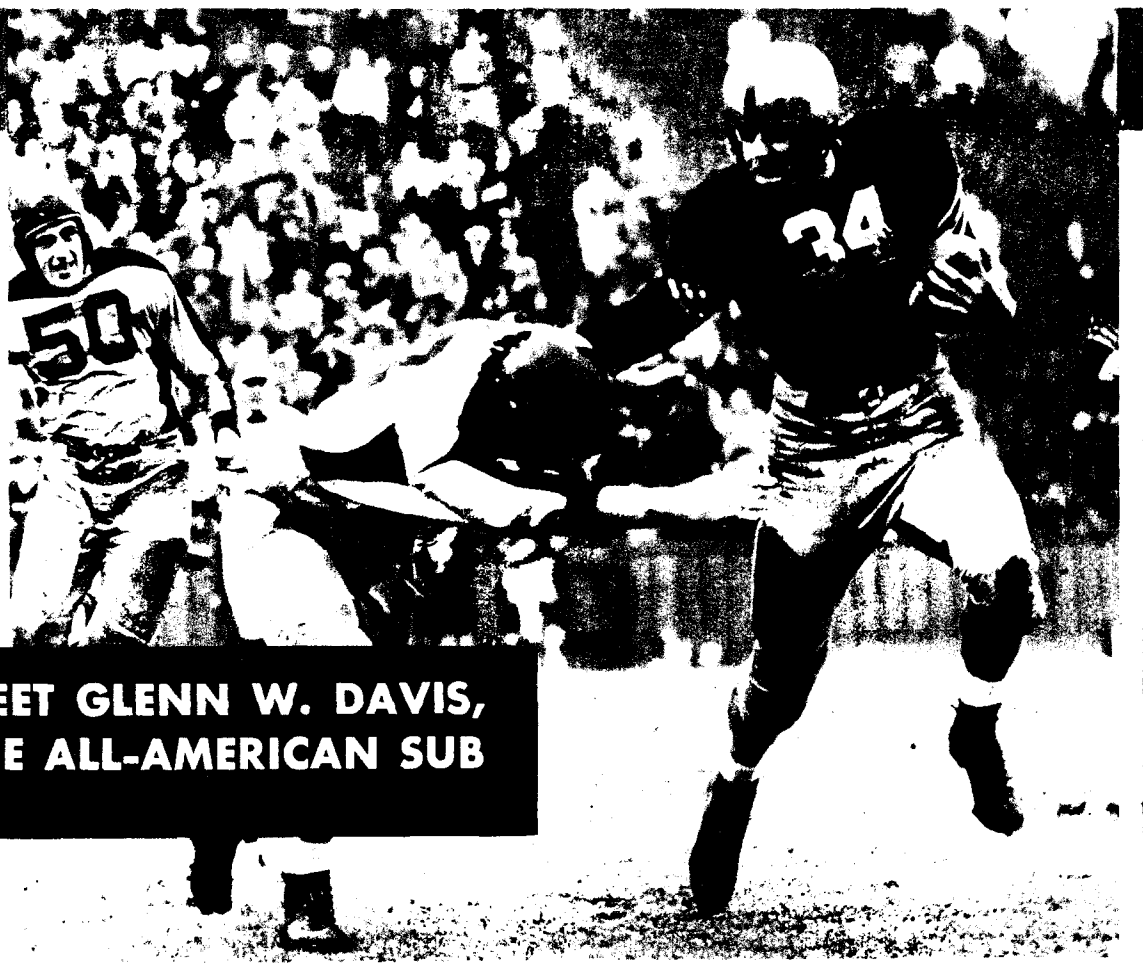
SPORTS: MEET GLENN W. DAVIS, THE ALL-AMERICAN SUB

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

THIS is going to be a football season in which a substitute, and a freshman at that, makes the All-American football team. We are referring to Glenn W. Davis, the Army's 19-year-old wonder halfback. He's the hottest proposition in the East or anywhere else, and yet he's only a substitute for the injured Doug Kenna. If, as Coach (Lt. Col.) Red Blaik says, Kenna is better than plebe Davis, then we're convinced that the fellow must be a Grange, McAfee, Thorpe, Strong and Gipp all rolled into one. Kenna has been hurt all season and nobody but Blaik seems to know much about him. They say, however, that Kenna is a marvelous punter, for one thing, and Davis can't kick a lick. But what does Army need with a kicker, anyhow, when it can manufacture scores like these: 27-0 over Villanova, 42-0 over Colgate, 51-0 over Temple and 52-0 over Columbia?

One-Minute Biography. Davis was groomed at Bonita Union High School at La Verne, Calif., for a career at Southern California, but a patriotic congressman detoured him to West Point so he could become a general. . . . He's dash man on the track team which accounts for his explosive speed when he starts up field. . . . What makes him so hard to bring down? A broad running base and the trick of keeping one leg always under him. . . . Most observers like to compare him with Ken Strong because of his brute power and his blazing burst of speed. . . . Others simply call him a second Cagle or Meyer. Actually, he's the first Glenn Davis.



This picture illustrates graphically why Glenn Davis is so hard to bring down. When he's cornered, he gives a tackler, such as Columbia's Gehrke, a stiff arm and a body feint and then explodes with a burst of speed that leaves everybody in the house breathless and the scoreboard keeper with a job to do.

The most familiar picture of Glenn W. Davis (34) is usually this one—crossing the goal line.

WHEN Sgt. Joe Louis arrived at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., with his boxing troupe, he met Cpl. Billy Conn, who was then at JB awaiting shipping orders to aerial gunnery school.

"You know," Conn told Louis, "I had you whipped in our fight. All I had to do was coast for two more rounds. I was going to nurse the title for two years and then give you another shot at it."

Louis just yawned and said: "How did you expect to hold the title two years, Billy, when you say yourself you couldn't hold it two rounds."

Notes on the Louis Tour. At Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., Joe received the Soldier's Medal on behalf of Pvt. Boyd Ivey, a Negro engineer who was the hero of a drowning rescue attempt. Ivey was hospitalized at Battle Creek, Mich., and asked Joe to represent him at the ceremony. . . . The WD has prescribed a one-month's rest for Louis when he completes his 100-day camp tour. . . . If you're interested in such things, there's a plaster of Paris cast of Louis' right fist on exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. But a lot of guys will swear that the real plaster of Paris fist is the one Joe carries with him.

TWELVE years ago, if our memory serves us right, the University of Chicago gave Amos Alonzo Stagg his release, because they thought the old gentleman, then a mere 69, had lost his stuff. Now at 81, Stagg seems to have more stuff than ever before. His College of the Pacific football team is one of the most high-powered machines in the country. A few weeks ago it knocked off Lt. Bill Kern's Del Monte Pre-Flighters, who had such All-Americans and All-Pros as Parker Hall, Paul Christman, Len Eshmont, Ed Cifers, Bowden Wyatt and Jim McDonald in their line-up.

But that isn't the whole story. About the same time Stagg was turned out at Chicago, a young fellow named Babe Hollingberry was producing Rose Bowl teams at Washington State College. Today, while Stagg enjoys the greatest moment of his 54 years of coaching, Hollingberry is tutoring an eighth-grade school team at Pullman, Wash. And oddly enough, on the same day that Stagg's COP heroes upset Del Monte, 16-7, Hollingberry's eighth graders lost to a neighborhood rival by almost an indentical score, 7-19.

Staggered Lines. The grand old man has coached through three wars, starting with the Spanish-American, when he introduced the T formation. How do you like that? . . . During the last war, the Army student-training program assured him of a great team at Chicago, and now the Navy V-12 program has supplied him with the best boys from St. Mary's talent-rich football project. . . . Slickest of these is Johnny Podesto, a little guy who passes like a hot crapshooter.

FATHER AND SON DEPARTMENT: **Rogers Hornsby's** boy Billy has resigned from Missouri Military Academy to join the Army. He was a star football player, boxer and wrestler at school and captained the track team. . . . **Art Nehf Jr.,** son of the famous Giant southpaw, is flying with the Marines in the South Pacific. His squadron has already bagged 72 Jap planes over Guadalcanal. . . . **Heinie Miller,** who used to play an All-American end at Penn State, has a son John quarterbacking the North Carolina Pre-Flight eleven. . . . **Ty Cobb's** kid is also in the Army. Last we heard he was at Fort Riley, Kans.

Joe Gordon's decision to quit baseball and join the physical-education department at the University of Oregon may be the tip-off that the majors won't operate next year. Joe tried to join the Navy Air Force but was turned down because of his age (28) and family circumstances. He is an experienced flyer. . . . **Lou DeFilippo,** one-time Fordham center and later a star with the football Giants, is through for the season at Purdue because there are no more service teams on the Boilermakers' schedule. Michigan could have used **CPO George McAfee** of the Bears against service teams, too, but Fritz Crisler figured Daley was more than enough.

You fellows who play that sailor football team from Cape Town, Md., take warning. That gang is coached by a gentleman of whom you may have heard — **Lt. Comdr. Jock Sutherland** . . . **Creighton Miller,** Notre Dame's great running back, was given a CDD by the Army because of high blood pressure, and **Don Greenwood,** who engineered Illinois to a rousing 25-0 upset of Wisconsin, was washed out of the Air Forces after a plane crash. You might remember Greenwood as the Missouri end who had an end-zone punt blocked for two points which gave Fordham the Sugar Bowl victory. . . . **Roscoe Toles,** the Negro heavyweight, is 1-A and so is **Jimmy Demaret,** the pro golfer.

The Kirtland Field (N. Mex.) football team came up with the biggest prize of them all in **Lt. Johnny Kimbrough,** who was recently transferred there as a bomber pilot. . . . The Great Lakes backfield of **Steve Lach, Ken Roskie, Dewey Proctor** and **Buist Warren** is strictly a southern institution, and most of them have played against each other. Lach, ex-Duke, and Warren, ex-Tennessee, collided in those old Wade-Neyland feuds, and Roskie, ex-South Carolina, and Proctor, ex-Furman, had it out in those traditional battles at Greenville.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Cpl. Billy Conn, en route to gunnery school, arrived at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., just in time to greet Sgt. Joe Louis. Read the story above for details.

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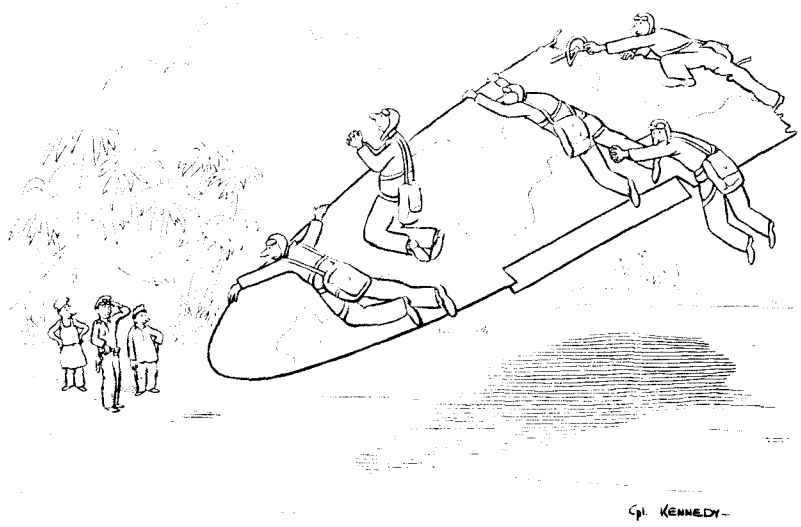
"DON'T BE SILLY, DARLING; THEY'LL ADORE YOU!"
—Pfc. Joe Kramer



". . . . COMING IN ON A WING AND A PRAYER."
—Cpl. Hugh E. Kennedy

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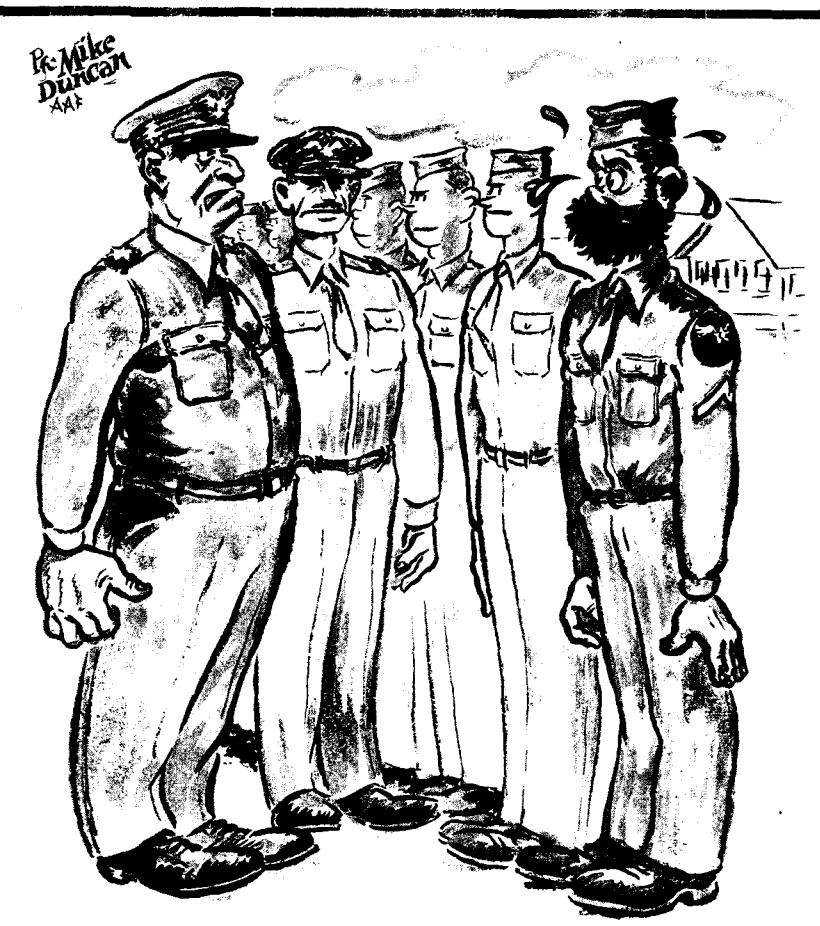
—Sgt. Frank Brandt



"MURPHY, YOU HAVE 5-O'CLOCK SHADOW!"
—Pfc. Mike Duncan

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